

No. 736



THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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PRINCESS VICTORIA OF HESSE-DARMSTADT (THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE), AND HER
FIANCÉ, PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

Topics of the Week

THE NEW YEAR IN IRELAND.—Each New Year's Day, as it arrives, brings with it a feeling of hopefulness, notwithstanding previous disappointments. It may be permissible, therefore, to indulge this seasonable hopefulness with regard to Irish affairs. In some respects the outlook is decidedly better than it was a year ago. Boycotting has ceased, agrarian outrages have diminished, and rents are paid with the regularity of former years. This comparative state of calm is very satisfactory, nor need we here stop to ask whether it is rather due to the Crimes Act than to the Land Act. Such incidents as the collision between Orangemen and Nationalists at Dromore are regrettable, but they are less terrible than the utter dislocation of society which seemed imminent two or three years ago. The Government are no doubt sincerely desirous to be impartial, but in this case their impartiality took the form of inflicting serious injuries on the Orangemen only. As far as pugnacity goes, if that be a crime, there is probably little to choose between the two factions. Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone ought to remember, if he honestly desires to preserve the integrity of the United Kingdom, that the Orangemen, though nominally his political opponents, are really his friends, while the Nationalists, as evinced by Mr. Biggar's inflammatory speech at Cootehill, are his bitter enemies. More thoroughness is wanted about the management of these political meetings. The plan of allowing a meeting in one place and forbidding it in another, and sending a little army of soldiers and policemen to keep the peace, is very costly, and satisfies nobody. It would be better either to let the meetings take place without let or hindrance, and allow the rival factions to break each others' heads as much as they please; or to prohibit all open-air meetings till the present hot blood simmers down. Even then Irishmen would have more political liberty than is accorded to the citizens of that French Republic of whose lot they are so envious. What Ireland needs now above all things is quiet, and the mass of the people would be well content to stay quiet were it not for the perpetual din kept up by professional agitators at home and in America. Since her genuine grievances were removed, Ireland has not been always discontented. Several years of calm and prosperity preceded the Fenian outbreak of 1867, and for some time again before the bad season of 1879 there was a period of tranquillity. If quiet could but be certified, capital would pour in abundantly, and capital would do more to raise the people from poverty to comfort than all the proposed political remedies. Thirty-five millions of British money was last year invested in new joint-stock enterprises. Not one, as the list shows, applied to Ireland. Yet there is no country in the world where capital could be more profitably applied, provided only that quiet could be ensured. There are bogs to drain, rivers to embank, hill-sides to plant, seas to fish, railways to make, and plenty of cheap and willing labour to be had. We implore those Irishmen who are dreamily pursuing the phantom Independence to lay these incontestable facts to heart at the beginning of this New Year.

EGYPT AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.—All parties in England are agreed that Egypt ought not to be encouraged to attempt the conquest of the Soudan. Hitherto her possession of the country has caused only perplexity and trouble, and it would continue to be a source of weakness, even if the Mahdi were finally overcome. Unfortunately, however, very serious troubles may be in store for us in that quarter, should the False Prophet really intend, as it is said he intends, to march on Khartoum. Meanwhile, it is the plain duty of our Government not only to decide on a definite policy with regard to the Soudan, but to reconsider all the great questions connected with the relation of England to Egypt. Both Liberals and Tories appear to be of opinion that the situation is rapidly becoming intolerable. The Egyptians are not permitted to attempt the settlement of their difficulties in their own way; yet we shirk responsibility, and pretend that at the earliest possible opportunity we propose to withdraw our troops. The result is, of course, that Egypt is on the verge of anarchy. The miserable fellaheen are as badly off as they ever were; the administration of justice is a sham; nobody knows where to apply, even for well-meant advice. The opinion of Mr. John Morley and some other Radicals is that we should cut the knot by taking ourselves off from Egypt without delay; and it must be admitted that this would be better than Mr. Gladstone's feeble policy. But the English nation, as a whole, agrees neither with Mr. Gladstone nor with Mr. Morley. It holds that, whether or not we acted wisely in putting down Arabi, we incurred a most serious responsibility in doing so, and that to hand over the Egyptians to the rule of a few reckless Oriental despots, now that we have destroyed such guarantees of good government as formerly existed, would be as base and selfish a course as has ever been pursued by any country. We can do justice to Egypt only by frankly and vigorously going on with the task which we began with so much unnecessary self-glorification. That would not necessarily mean permanent annexation; but it would undoubtedly mean the distinct assertion of our supremacy during the next few years.

MR. GLADSTONE'S TREES.—The Hawarden Highway Board are going to have some hard things said of them for having given the Premier notice to remove certain trees which he has planted to beautify the roadside between Chester and Hawarden. Even the cat's privilege of looking at a king is denied by some of Mr. Gladstone's too zealous friends to that eminent statesman's opponents of whatever degree, unless they look humbly and with reverence, which the Hawarden Board do not seem to have done by any means. They have gone so far as to threaten the Premier's trees with the axe. This incident, however, is so thoroughly English that many of us may be pardoned for deriving some small enjoyment from it. We cannot imagine any Board at Varzin threatening to level Prince Bismarck's trees, and we doubt if in Republican France the Communal Council of Mont-sous-Vaudrey would care to brave M. Grévy's displeasure by meddling with his plantations. Mr. Gladstone is as powerful a man as Prince Bismarck or President Grévy, but the Hawarden Highway Board are not afraid of him; and, if there is no savour of political feeling in what they have done, we must say that they are good public servants, even though their taste in trees may not be æsthetic. Of course if there be any politics in the matter the complexion of it would be altered. We prefer to impute the best motives where none other are apparent, and while confessing amusement at Mr. Gladstone's novel position as defendant against a charge of trespassing on "the people's rights," to note the action of the obscure rural Board as a small sign of a great fact. It has required no little time to make this country so free that a public body, however insignificant, may urge its rights peremptorily against the mightiest man of the land; and the fearless English spirit engendered by this liberty may brave comparison with the fanciful equality decreed in certain Democratic Constitutions which are the political sophist's ideal.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.—Not many people probably will regret to hear that the Government will oppose the Channel Tunnel scheme, should it be again brought forward. The directors have announced their intention to persevere, but the Government decision implies, almost certainly, its virtual prohibition, and consequent collapse. Seasickness in crossing the Straits of Dover is an evil, but fear of an unexpected hostile invasion is a far worse evil. It is all very well to pooh-pooh the opinions of military experts; but, after all, they are more likely to understand the subject than any one else; and they almost unanimously assert that the completion of the tunnel would, to put it in the mildest way, diminish the efficiency of our natural defences. But, apart from fears of invasion, we are old-fashioned and prejudiced enough to be glad that the Tunnel should remain *in nubibus*. England has, in many things, ways of her own which differ from the ways prevailing on the Continent. These peculiarities are due to her insular position; they have been modified by steam and electricity, but they still exist; and we do not wish to see them altogether obliterated, as they would be ere long if we could walk to France dryshod. If Sir Edward Watkin and his friends are bent on making an under-sea tunnel, let them essay one between Scotland and Ireland. It would be an immense boon to the sister island, and would strengthen the bond of union which is now threatened with fracture.

RICH AND POOR.—Perhaps the year 1883 will be remembered chiefly on account of the eager attention which has been devoted to the condition of the poorest classes in our great cities. Never has so much been said about the wretched dwellings in "Outcast London," and many persons who have begun by thinking of this subject have gone on to ask whether the working classes generally have hitherto received anything like a fair share of the wealth of the community. A whole group of questions, infinitely more important than those about which party politicians contend, has thus been thrust on public notice; and it is very improbable that the interest which has been awakened will speedily die out. For it must be remembered that these questions are not being discussed in England alone, but are exciting fierce debate all over the civilised world. Even in the United States, which were supposed to be so far ahead of Europe, the working classes are beginning to rebel against what they conceive to be the tyranny of great capitalists; and on the European Continent the old controversies about the merits of the Monarchical and Republican system of government have become insignificant in comparison with those relating to the respective rights and duties of rich and poor. In France, Germany, Italy, and Spain—to say nothing of Russia—a growing and enthusiastic party maintains that the problems arising from the poverty of the majority of mankind can be effectually solved only by the establishment of Socialist States. Is this theory ever likely to become popular in our own country? A few years ago all serious politicians would have answered the question unhesitatingly in the negative; but in these days, when ideas travel fast, and when ancient institutions are being subjected to a process of searching criticism, it is by no means certain that Socialism will never make way among us. Were Parliament to apply itself only to the consideration of matters which affect the vital interests of the people, England might still escape a danger which threatens to prove so formidable for many of her neighbours; but, unfortunately, Parliament seldom appears to be so much in earnest as when discussing the difference "twixt Tweedledum and Twedledee."

LEARNING TO WALK.—When Swift was told that a child had learnt to talk, he said that was more than most men had learnt to do at fifty. Learning to walk is another of those accomplishments which are generally, but too erroneously, supposed to be mastered in the nursery. "To pass safely through the streets of a crowded metropolis," said Sidney Smith, in his famous parody of Mackintosh's style, "requires on the part of the driver no common assemblage of qualities—he must have caution without timidity, courage without rashness, activity without precipitation; he must have a clear perception of his object and a dexterous use of his means." The pedestrian in our London streets during the slippery season of winter may have all this, and yet be sorely hindered and bumped all along his line of march by grown-up people who have not learned to walk. There is the absent-minded man who comes ambling crab-wise, with his head over his shoulder, and scatters "I beg pardons" as he goes; there is the cantankerous variety of the same species, who jostles you and snarls. There is the man who points his umbrella before him like a bowsprit, or makes it stick out behind him like a spike; there is the fat man with two parcels, one in each hand, who walks in mid-pavement and confuses the circulation, when by keeping to one side of the foot-walk he might leave a channel clear for people without parcels; and there is the man who, wanting to get into a train or tram, has not the sense to wait until the outgoing passengers have alighted, but charges in and causes a jam in the doorway. One might wish to be a despot to have the power of getting these offenders against the public comfort sent to take lessons in a School of Pedestrianism. But we might consign to a stricter place the journeymen glaziers who come smartly round a corner with big sheets of plate glass, and the upholsterers' men who convey mirrors about uncovered, to the terror of horses. Why have we not the same police rule which is enforced abroad, and which compels men who carry plate glass to cover it with baize? And since the streets are dangerous enough by reason of careless walkers and carriers, why do we not at least minimise the perils of vehicular traffic by obliging every driver of a cart or carriage to display a lantern after dark?

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.—The French Chambers seem to have acted with a proper sense of justice when they refused to sanction a vote proposed by the Government for the purpose of depriving a number of Arab proprietors of a portion of their land and handing it over to French peasants. The aim of the Governor-General was to make the European population more predominant than at present over the natives, but surely such a policy would have aggravated the jealousies and heartburnings which are always smouldering beneath the surface. Turning to the question of Algeria generally, it has been the fashion for many English publicists to point to that country as an example of the French inability to colonise, and unpleasant comparisons are made between the slow progress of Algeria and the rapid progress of Canada and Australia. But the comparison is not a fair one. Canada and Australia were only peopled by thinly-scattered tribes of savages; Algeria is inhabited by a warlike semi-civilised population of three millions, who can only be held in check by the presence of a strong military force. Algeria may more reasonably be compared with South Africa, though the latter has the advantage of a less enervating summer temperature (being in the Southern Hemisphere), and in having a native population who are much readier (being nearer savagery) to accept European domination than are the Arabs of the northern coast of "The Dark Continent." Taking, therefore, the Cape Colonies as a parallel, Frenchmen need not be ashamed of the progress of Algeria. It is not much more than fifty years since French troops landed there; for many years incessant fighting took place, and yet at present, besides the military garrison, there are 377,000 European colonists, of whom 195,000 are French. Algeria is, it must be admitted, far more accessible to the French than are any of our colonies to ourselves; still the above is not a bad record, if we bear in mind the following facts. Spaniards and Maltese may labour in the open-air during the summer months, but scarcely Frenchmen, except those who hail from the Mediterranean seaboard; while, secondly, the existence of an overwhelming native population, all more or less secretly hostile, restricts the colonists' freedom, because it renders necessary their submission to all regulations imposed by the military authorities.

POSITIVISM.—A good deal of attention has been given this week to the addresses delivered by Mr. Frederic Harrison on the last day of 1883 and the first day of 1884. Very brilliant addresses they were; and Positivists may congratulate themselves on having so enthusiastic and eloquent an exponent of their ideas. The difficulty of most people will be to determine why Mr. Harrison and his friends should claim to be saying anything particularly new when they dilate on the obligations of the individual to the human race, and when they depict in glowing rhetoric the beauty and charm of self-sacrifice. The world did not hear of all this for the first time from Auguste Comte, nor would the conception of "Humanity" have been a less potent moral force if there had been no Positivist movement. The new elements in Positivism are Comte's classification of the sciences, his theory of history, the set of rules he laid down for the reorganisation of society, and his doctrine that we ought not only to save but to worship mankind. There is

no sign whatever that these peculiarities of the system which Mr. Harrison so ably represents are securing for it many converts. Comte's classification of the sciences has been accepted by few scientific thinkers; his theory of history, based on his well-known law of "the three stages," theological, metaphysical, and positive, has been rendered almost antiquated by the principle of evolution as expounded by Darwin and Mr. Spencer; his rules for the reorganisation of society seemed even to so friendly a critic as Mr. Mill to be rules for the establishment of a gigantic despotism; and the notion that we should worship our fellow-creatures, either "in the abstract" or "in the concrete," appears to almost everybody who has thought about it to be merely a strange and slightly ridiculous "fad." The Positivists can hope to make progress only by working practically for the benefit of the poor and the wretched. In so far as they do this they will command respect; but they will be respected not as a sect with a new evangel, but as a body of men applying principles which are already well-established and recognised by every reasonable and generous mind.

TOWN RIVALRIES.—The contention of Nottingham and Derby for the possession of a Bishop has led to the selection of Southwell for the new Midland See. It was the same kind of disputing between the States of the North American Republic which caused Washington to be created as a capital, to the great inconvenience of all official persons. Few people not connected with the place or its neighbourhood have ever heard of Southwell, and it is now described as a townlet of very small population, under no proper system of government, and "practically unapproachable by rail on Sundays from any part of the two counties whose requirements the new See is intended to serve." This last drawback is certainly great in the case of a cathedral city, and if it be true that Southwell was chosen simply by way of compromising the claims of Nottingham and Derby, this arrangement may be compared to the curious compromise which the Czar Nicholas effected when the first Russian railway was to be constructed. As rival projectors could not agree about the route, the Czar took a pencil, and drew a straight line on the map between St. Petersburg and Moscow. The new line accordingly became one in the strictest geometrical sense, as being the shortest way from one point to another, with this felicitous result, that all the stations bordering it were, with one exception, twenty versts remote from any town. Compromise, as Mr. John Morley would say, is often compromising, and when two towns are in dispute we know no better way of settling their differences than by deciding for one of the pair and letting the other say its worst. If the happy thought which designated Southwell for the new Bishopric is to be taken as evidence of statesmanship, we must accept as proven Chancellor Oxenstiern's remark that it requires very little wit to rule men.

STEAM TRAMS.—A pretty lengthened experience of the ordinary horse tram-cars shows that, though they may be the cause of accident to other vehicles, they are in themselves safer conveyances than either railways, steamboats, omnibuses, or cabs. It is impossible to speak so favourably of the steam-tram, which nevertheless will probably furnish a few years hence the ordinary mode of transit along our streets. Not many months ago a bad accident occurred to a steam tram, and now another has happened near Wigan, the District County Coroner being crushed to death by a runaway car crashing into the car in which he was sitting. The case is still *sub judice*, and therefore we refrain from making any dogmatic assertion; but it seems that the driver, who had jumped off his engine to save the life of a child, was unable to regain his place, and, as the car was going down a steep incline, and either there was no automatic governor, or the non-appliance of the driving break rendered it inoperative (for on this point the evidence is conflicting), there was a regular runaway, and the fatal smash described above. A steep-grade tramway is now being constructed up Highgate Hill, which, as most people know, is very steep. The promoters declare that their cars can always be stopped if needed. We do not feel so cocksure of this. Human beings are liable to negligence, and where there is negligence the best-devised machinery may fail to effect its intended purpose.

MR. GEORGE IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Henry George is about to deliver a course of lectures in this country on the subject which he has discussed in his book on "Progress and Poverty." Mr. Ruskin has declined to preside over any of his meetings, but has expressed full sympathy with Mr. George's object; and there seems to be little doubt that the scheme for what is called the nationalisation of the land has produced a strong impression on many persons who would not, in other respects, describe themselves as extreme politicians. Mr. Frederic Harrison, who ought to know, is of opinion that the proposal (which he himself rejects) has stirred the working classes "to its depths;" and it is significant that Mr. Michael Davitt, in setting forth Mr. George's doctrines lately in St. James's Hall, was listened to by a very large and sympathetic audience, only a small proportion of which was composed of Irishmen. Every political economist of note in England upholds the principle of private property in land; but this ought not to prevent statesmen from watching attentively the progress of the movement which Mr. George has started. Before the

passing of the second Reform Bill, when Parliament represented only the upper and middle classes, no scheme of this kind would have had the remotest chance of becoming law; but now the working classes, if they chose to act together and in earnest, would be supreme at the polling booths in almost every great town; and soon the agricultural labourers will form the most important element in the county constituencies. A politician, therefore, who at present advocates the nationalisation of the land cannot be said to be pursuing a mere will-o'-the-wisp. He has only to convert the labouring population of town and country, and his agitation becomes immediately a very serious one indeed. Would it not be worth the while of some of our foremost statesmen to take part in the controversy? At this early stage they may hope to remove some misconceptions which at a later date it will, perhaps, be hard to dissipate.

SHAM JEWELLERY.—The recent lawsuit about some sham sapphires calls to notice the marvellous improvements which have taken place of late years in the manufacture of imitation jewellery. Not many years ago Paris ruled the market in these wares, and Birmingham had a name only for goods that were rough, common, and easy to detect as spurious. Our Schools of Art Design have changed all that, and Birmingham now both excels and undersells the best imitation trinkets that can be made in Paris—except, we believe, those into which paste diamonds enter. The reason of this is that jewellery is much less worn in France than it is in this country. French married ladies wear ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones; but custom forbids girls of the well-to-do classes from sporting anything more than very simple earrings and plain watch-chains; while French female servants, though we fear they are losing their pristine simplicity, still to some extent dress in the streets according to their stations in white caps, and aprons, and do not try to ape their mistresses, even on Sundays. If these customs were imported into this country, a great part of the Birmingham trade would be ruined, for girls of the middle and domestic classes form the bulk of Birmingham's best customers. However, the Warwickshire town now produces imitation jewellery of the highest order of art, which is worn by married ladies at home and abroad to an extent little dreamt of by those who have never seen a Brummagem manufacturer's ledger of consignments. There is nothing to bewail in this, for the old complaint against Brummagem wares was that they offended the eye by their tawdriness. If now they please the eye by their solid plating, their finish, and the beauty of their designs, the question as to whether the materials of which they are made be genuine or not is one which only concerns the wearers.



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This comparative neglect is doubtless owing, in a great degree, to the general belief that everything connected with a *News* paper must be hurriedly, and, therefore, imperfectly executed, but it may not, perhaps, be generally known that many of our world-renowned Paintings have found their first expression at the hands of the Artist in these pages.

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NOTICE.—Mr. W. E. Norris's Story, "THIRLBY HALL," is concluded this week, and next week's Issue of THE GRAPHIC will contain the FIRST PORTION of a NEW STORY, illustrated by Charles Green, entitled "DOROTHY FORSTER," by WALTER BESANT, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain's Room," "The Revolt of Man," &c., &c., which will be continued weekly until completed.—With this Number is Issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "FEEDING THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE," forming the FRONTISPIECE to VOL. XXVIII.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF HESSE AND PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

THE Princess Victoria Elizabeth Matilda Alberta Mary of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was engaged to Prince Louis of Battenberg last June, is the eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice and the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and is nearly twenty-one years of age, having been born at Windsor on April 5th, 1863. The Princess Victoria has been frequently in England since the death of her mother, visiting the Queen either at Balmoral or Windsor. Like her aunt, the Crown Princess, the Princess is exceedingly fond of artistic pursuits, and is an exceptionally clever modeller. Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg is a son of the Grand Duke's uncle, Prince Alexander, and is accordingly cousin-german to his betrothed. He was born on May 24th, 1854, and, though educated at Treviso and Milan, his father being an Austrian general, he subsequently passed much time in England, and is a lieutenant in the British Navy, having been recently appointed to the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. At the same time he is also a Captain in the Hessian army, as shown by the uniform he wears in our engraving. His brother, Prince Alexander, who is three years younger, is the reigning Prince of Bulgaria. The wedding is expected to take place at Darmstadt in the spring.—Our portraits are from photographs by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.

THE "FIRST FOOT" IN SCOTLAND

TILL recently in Scotland the custom of the wassail bowl at the passing away of the Old Year was still in comparative vigour. At the approach of twelve o'clock, a *hot pint* was prepared—that is, a kettle or flagon full of warmed, spiced, and sweetened ale, with an infusion of spirits. When the clock had struck the knell of the departed year, each member of the family drank of this mixture "A good health and a happy New Year and many of them" to all the rest, with a general handshaking, and perhaps a dance round the table, with the addition of a song to the tune of "Hey tuttie taitie!"

Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see,
Here's to the King,
And the gude companie! &c.

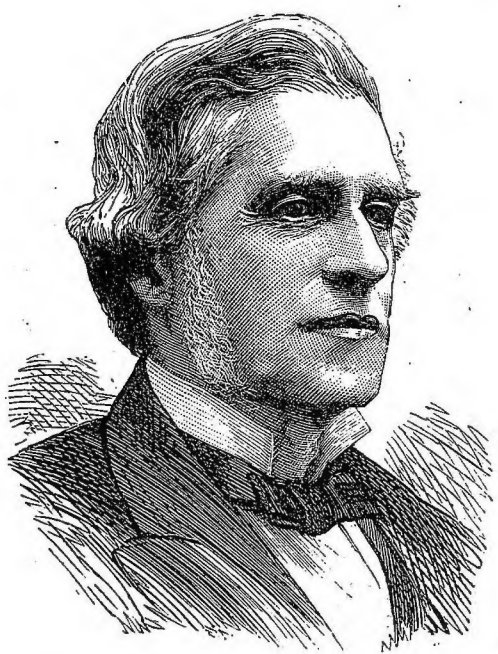
The elders of the family would then probably sally out with the hot kettle, and a provision of buns and shortbread, or bread and cheese, to visit their neighbours and exchange similar greetings with them. If they met by the way a party of friends bound on a like errand, they would stop, giving and taking sips from their mutual kettles. Reaching the friend's house, they would enter with vociferous good wishes, and soon send the kettle a-circulating. If they were the first to enter the house since twelve o'clock they were held to be the *first foot*, and as such it was most important, to ensure luck to the family in the coming year, that they should make their entry, not empty-handed, but laden with cakes and bread and cheese; of which, on the other hand, civility demanded that each individual in the home should partake. The custom fell into comparative disuse in Edinburgh after the 1st January, 1812, on which night a gang of young ruffians formed a conspiracy to assault and rob the first-footers. Two persons died of the injuries thus received, and three of the plunderers were afterwards hanged on the chief scene of their wickedness.

There was also in Scotland a *first footing* independent of the *hot pint*. A youthful friend of the family would steal to the door in the hope of meeting there the young maiden of his fancy, and obtaining the privilege of a kiss as her first foot. Great was the disappointment on his part, and great the joking among the family, if, through accident or design, some withered aunt or ancient grandam came to receive him instead of the blooming Jenny.

The foregoing details, and the titles appended to the woodcuts, will enable our readers to appreciate Hamish's first-footing adventures.



THE "FIRST FOOT"—A SCOTCH NEW-YEAR CUSTOM



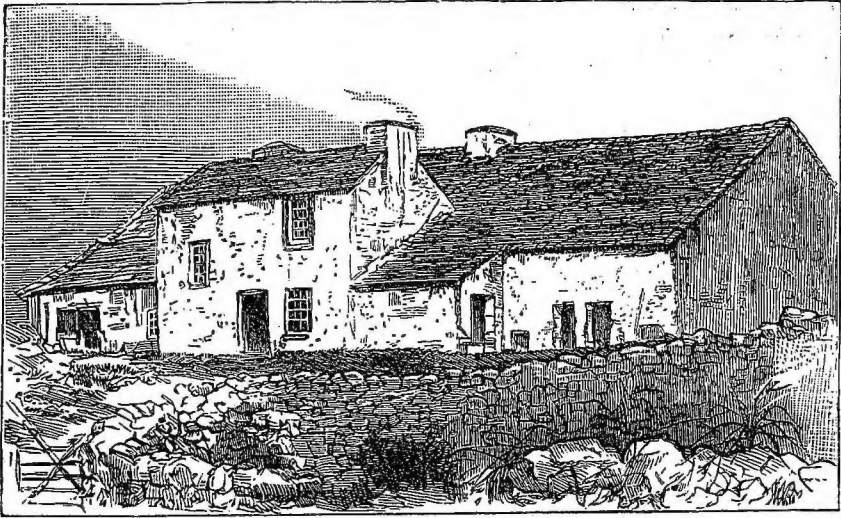
SIR WILLIAM BOWMAN, F.R.S.
The Eminent Oculist
Lately Created a Baronet for His Services to Surgical Science



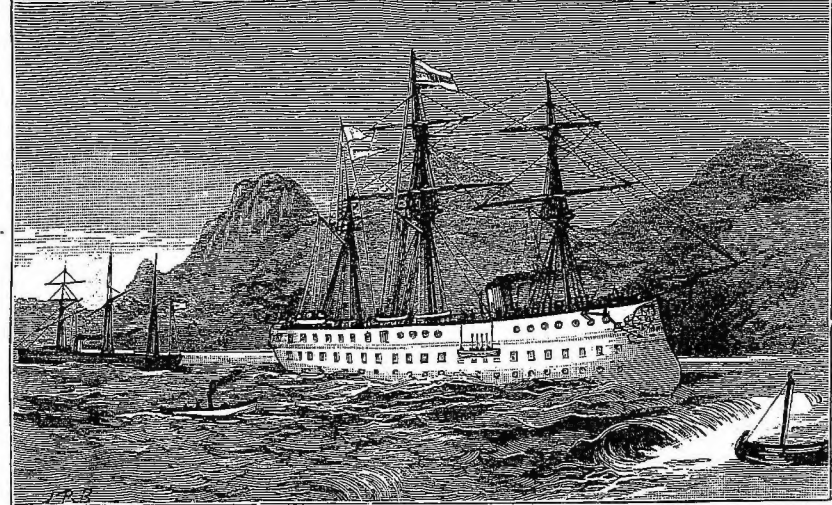
MR. THOMAS HOLLOWAY
Inventor and Proprietor of "Holloway's Pills and Ointment"
Died December 26, 1883, aged 83



SIR JOSEPH LISTER, F.R.S.
The Eminent Surgeon
Lately Created a Baronet for His Services to Surgical Science



ESKDALE VICARAGE, CUMBERLAND, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO REBUILD



H.M. TROOPSHIP "EUPHRATES" ASHORE ON THE SPANISH COAST, ABOUT THREE MILES NORTH OF TARIFA



THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO SOUTH DURHAM—THE THREE DAUGHTERS (TRIPLETS) OF CAPTAIN W. J. YOUNG, OF WOLVISTON HALL, PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES

THE NEW BARONETS

MR. WILLIAM BOWMAN, F.R.S., whom the Queen has made a baronet, is a son of the late Mr. J. E. Bowman, F.L.S. and F.G.S., and was born in Nantwich in 1816. He was educated at King's College, London, and began his practice at the West End. He has been surgeon to the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields; surgeon to King's College Hospital, and Professor of Physiology and General and Morbid Anatomy at King's College, London. The Royal Medal in Physiology was awarded to him by the Royal Society in 1842, and he has been more than once on the Council of the Society. He is a corresponding member of many foreign societies, and is the author of several important surgical works on the eye.

Mr. Joseph Lister, F.R.S., LL.D., of Park Crescent, Marylebone, one of the Surgeons Extraordinary to Her Majesty, has also been made a baronet. He is an M.B. of London University, and has held several important appointments in Scotland, where in 1876 he was made a member of the General Medical Council. He has received the medal of the Royal Society, the prize of the Academy of Paris, and the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford as a recognition of his services in applying the antiseptic treatment in surgery, which is often referred to as "Listerism." Mr. Lister has also written a number of pamphlets on surgical topics.

Our engravings are both from photographs by Claudet, 107, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS HOLLOWAY

THE name of Mr. Holloway was widely known as that of the patentee of the famous pills and ointment. But he deserved celebrity for other reasons. He expended with judicious and unselfish liberality the money which he had gained by a happy mixture of caution and boldness, combined with an unswerving faith in the value of his curative preparations, provided he could only make the public sufficiently acquainted with their virtues. The Holloway College and Sanatorium near Egham cost him more than a million sterling. Both these institutions were especially designed by their founder for the benefit of the middle classes; the College for the education of women, the Sanatorium for both sexes. Each is to be made to work on a self-supporting basis, so as to preserve the independence of the inmates. At the Sanatorium persons mentally afflicted will be provided with medical care and home comforts, a school for the study of lunacy being included in the plan. The College, which is intended for women only, will be the largest college of the kind in this country. Mr. Holloway desired that it should possess the power of conferring degrees, and it is to be hoped that his wishes in this respect will be gratified.

Mr. Holloway died at his country residence, Tittenhurst, near Sunninghill, on the 26th ult., at the ripe age of eighty-three. He seems to have fully enjoyed his later years of retirement from active business. He was more fortunate in this respect than his American parallel, Mr. Ayer, who acquired a vast fortune by the sale of patent medicines, but died insane at the age of fifty-six.

Mr. Holloway may fairly be regarded as the pioneer of the gigantic advertising propensity of modern times. He was a firm believer in the usefulness of his pills and ointment, and he went on the maxim that if sufficient publicity be given to an article which is really efficacious, it will surely attain an ultimate success. Mr. Holloway began to advertise in 1837, at first with little advantage, but he had faith, he persevered, before he died the establishment spent 45,000*l.* annually in these announcements; in fact, he advertised in every respectable newspaper on the planet. His personal property will probably be sworn under 1,000,000*l.* The funeral was to take place at Sunninghill on the 4th inst.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

ESKDALE VICARAGE

THE law of dilapidations, as is well known, often bears very hardly on clergymen and their families. Each incumbent, on quitting his living, is required to leave his parsonage house in a proper state of repair. The law is most commonly put in force on the occasion of an incumbent's decease, when his family, in addition to the loss of the stipend, have to pay a heavy bill for improvements, which frequently swallows up nearly all their slender resources. The case now before us is of a different character, however. The Rev. H. N. Creeny, A.M., Vicar of Eskdale, in the Diocese of Carlisle, went eleven years ago to live in the vicarage house here represented. He was then a healthy man who had never employed a doctor in his life. Last September he was carried out of the house in a rheumatic fever, epileptic, and permanently disabled for clerical duty. He is now called upon to repair the house under the law for the repair of dilapidations in parsonage houses. This will cost more than all he has received during the entire tenure of the living, the income of the parish being only 72*l.* a year cash, with this house, and twelve acres (four of them rocky) of glebe land. The parish of Eskdale is a long narrow valley at the foot of Scafell, the highest mountain in England. The church is about half-a-mile from the parsonage, and has been lately restored. The school-house, in which evening service is held, is about two and a half miles from the parsonage. The population is about 500. There are about thirteen baptisms yearly, seven funerals, and three weddings. The parsonage is a very ancient structure of dry stone, un-mortared. Some of the walls are out of the perpendicular, and are ready to fall. The old roof is so leaky that the rain pours through it. The case has excited considerable interest, and donations for the relief of Mr. Creeny from his difficulties will be received by the Whitehaven Bank, Whitehaven.

THE STRANDING OF THE "EUPHRATES"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at Gibraltar, in an account of the stranding of Her Majesty's Indian troopship *Euphrates*, near Tarifa, on December 19th, says:—"Owing to the blinding spray and the rain it was impossible to see more than a ship's length ahead, when the *Euphrates* grounded with a fearful bump. Captain Cardale, with extreme difficulty, managed to get a stream anchor out astern, and manned the lifeboat to proceed to the town of Tarifa, the light of which was just visible through the darkness. The lifeboat was unable to land until daybreak, when the news was telegraphed to Algeciras and brought on to Gibraltar by the gunboat. Meanwhile the troops, who numbered about fourteen hundred men and ninety-six officers, composed of drafts of various regiments, and who were nearly all recruits, fell in on the respective troop decks in their messes, as for dinner, and remained standing with their officers as steady as if they were on parade until all danger was over. Not the slightest confusion was observed, and the discipline of all ranks was perfect. It was impossible to marshal the men on the upper deck as the sea was breaking over the ship. The ladies and officers in the saloon were sitting down to dinner when the disaster occurred, but not a scream was heard. It was for some time impossible to ascertain where the ship had struck, or whether she would be dashed to pieces by the gale. Fortunately she had struck under the lee of Tarifa Point, which sheltered her in a great measure from the violence of the gale. At midnight, about four hours after she struck, the gale began to moderate, and the wind went down very rapidly." During the night the women, children, and invalids were placed on board a passing steamer, and after lighting the vessel she was floated and brought to Gibraltar. Her bottom was found to be uninjured, and she has now proceeded to India.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. I. Kingston Allport, Surgeon, A.M.D.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT STOCKTON

LAST month the Prince and Princess of Wales were staying for a week with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Wynyard Park, South Durham. The end of their visit was signalled, on December 21, by the presentation of three loyal addresses and by a popular demonstration. After receiving a deputation from the Seaham Harbour Local Board, and having their photographs taken, the Royal party left Wynyard Hall for Stockton, through Wolviston, Billingham, and Norton, the whole of the route being gaily decorated. At Wolviston the procession halted. Near the village green a dais, covered with crimson cloth, had been erected by Captain W. J. Young, J.P., of Wolviston Hall, and his three pretty little daughters (triplets), Eleanor, Gwendoline, and Maud, seven years of age, presented a very beautiful bouquet to the Princess as the Royal carriage passed the spot. "The Princess," says our artist (Mr. James Clark, of Sunnyside, West Hartlepool), "evinced the greatest interest in the three little ladies."

HUNTING AND CAMPING-OUT IN CEYLON

"ON March 5," says Mr. C. B. Lutyens, who has sent us these sketches, "a party of us started with fourteen couple of hounds for a week's camping-out near the Horton Plains, some 7,000 feet above the sea. The first day was occupied by the ride up to camp and settling down. Before daybreak on the following morning the ladies were called by a member of the party, the dining hut separating the ladies' house from the gentlemen's. The ladies who got up were then placed in position on a knoll, where they got a good view, and waited till the cry of the hounds should proclaim a 'find.' While intent on this, a stray doe came within a few yards of them, causing general astonishment. Ultimately the ladies gave chase. Other sketches respectively depict the process of carrying the ladies across a stream during the run; twelve o'clock breakfast; the ladies' compartment; the 'bower,' where the party retired after breakfast, and read aloud, and otherwise amused themselves ('Brer Rabbit' providing great amusement); tennis, which was played a little later on, at 2 P.M.; and, finally, some of the party went orchid-hunting in the forest."

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

A LOYAL SOUDANESE AND A REBEL

"My sketch of a Soudanese requires no description. The rebels," writes Major Giles, "are very wild-looking fellows, with the most extraordinary hair, which they take great pains to keep in good order. They plaster it with a mixture of fat (of most unpleasant smell), which has at first something the appearance of dirty curl papers. This gradually melts into their hair, which then comes out frizzed most wonderfully. My sketch shows the appearance of one of these gentlemen with his toilet just completed. They are armed with spears and swords. The men have good features, with beautiful teeth, and are coal black."

ENCAMPMENT OF SOUDANESE

THE encampment shown in the sketch belonged to the black troops lately cut up near Suakim. "We found," writes Major Giles in reference to the reconnaissance made afterwards, "three or four tents standing, with heaps of great coats and other equipment, which they had left behind when they marched in, expecting to be back in a few hours."

THE DEFENCES OF SUAKIM

"THE defences of Suakim, as designed by some Egyptian staff officers, were such as would have required 20,000 men to hold them. They consisted of four or five detached forts, each armed with a Krupp gun, but placed at such great intervals from each other that an army might have marched between them and into Suakim itself without any one of the defenders being the wiser, until the invading force was inside the place. The first care of the English officers on reaching Suakim was to throw up more serviceable defences. The prisoners from the gaol were employed in the work, and it was wonderful how soon in the sandy soil a very formidable trench and parapet were thrown up. Colonel Harrington worked incessantly at this defence, and, when Egyptian obstructiveness and laziness are considered, it ought to be exceedingly gratifying to him to see what he has effected in so short a time."

A LETTER-CARRIER BEFORE COLONEL SARTORIUS

"THE bearer of the letter from Toka had passed through the rebels' lines. He showed us how, when searched by the rebel leaders, he had concealed the letter between the two strips of leather which formed the sole of his sandal. He was examined in the drawing-room of Mr. Wyld's house at Suakim. Such a visitor would have created a sensation in a London drawing-room. He preferred squatting on the floor to sitting on a sofa. This was probably the only time he had ever seen one."

AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S TROUBLES AT SUAKIM

"ON arriving at Suakim, the first thing that strikes a new comer in its long, principal street, is the crowd of dirty, ruffianly-looking men, who loaf listlessly about, dressed in Zouave jackets and baggy white trousers, with rifles slung across their backs, and cartridge-belts, pistols, knives, and other warlike material stuck all over them. These are Bashi Bazouks, or local police. When Gordon Pasha ruled in the Soudan, he got rid of great numbers of them; but many still remain. They have no military discipline, and no inquiry is made into a man's antecedents who is desirous of joining the Bashi Bazouks. This body of men is composed of probably the biggest ruffians in the world."

"On General Sartorius's arrival at Suakim, he ordered that these men should be drilled. Some thirty of them flatly refused, 'No, not on any account.' These men found themselves in the centre of a square, with fixed bayonets turned on them. Their arms were taken away; and then, from outside the square, one could see two or three Turkish soldiers holding something down on the ground, which another appeared to be flogging with much energy and good will. Cries of 'Allah' resounded. When twenty strokes had been delivered, ten of the unwilling Bashi-Bazouks thought they would drill; ten more strokes, and one or two more; fifty strokes, and the whole lot concluded, after all, that drilling might be better than getting flogged. Five minutes after this these gentlemen might have been seen standing in the 'first position of a soldier,' and learning the rudiments of discipline."

ENGLISH WAR VESSELS FIRING OVER SUAKIM INTO THE REBEL LINES

ON the news of Hicks Pasha's disaster, British war vessels were at once ordered into the Red Sea "to protect British interests," and several gunboats were despatched to Suakim. Our sketch represents one of them firing over the town in order to repel an advance of the rebels, and to show them that a stronger power than that of Egypt was arrayed against them. This sketch is by Mr. Mosconas, the son of the interpreter to the Commissariat at Cairo. The others are by Major G. D. Giles, of the Egyptian Gendarmérie.

FEEDING THE PIGEONS, ST. MARK'S, VENICE

Few persons ever go to Venice without paying tribute to the Pigeons of St. Mark, probably the tamest birds at liberty in Europe. You have only to hold out your hand for a moment and a flock will

swoop down upon it, and should they find a few crumbs or seeds in the palm, you will be made at once into a walking dove-cote, and a fluttering and picking ensues which may be characterised as anything but dove-like. Indeed, one of the prettiest features of the Piazza of St. Mark is the number of fair tourists of all nationalities surrounded by these birds, and laughingly remonstrating as the greedy guests press forward with somewhat inconvenient eagerness to secure a fair—or, if possible, an unfair—share of the spoil. Our engraving is especially interesting as it has been drawn from an instantaneous photograph by Mr. J. J. Ackworth. The advance of photographic science is so great of late that the veriest amateur can take away reminiscences not merely of views and of buildings, but of living objects, of isolated figures, and of groups—thus securing absolutely truthful pictures of scenes which it may be impossible to purchase. The number of artistically inclined tourists who may be met with in all parts of the world with a camera is yearly on the increase, and the apparatus is now made so small and portable as to be an inappreciable addition to the most modest allowance of baggage. Should the tourist be lazily inclined he can bring his plates home to be developed at his leisure. Otherwise, three small bottles and a couple of india-rubber trays will be all the additional impedimenta required. One word of advice, however, to amateurs. Do not waste time in photographing well-known buildings or views, the counterfeit presentments of which, taken by professional photographers, are as a rule to be bought for a small sum; but go into the less frequented parts where picturesque scenes are to be found, far more curious and novel, and much better appreciated by critical friends, who are only too apt to judge amateur efforts from a professional standpoint. Many amateurs, however, have already realised this, as we ourselves can testify, for we are constantly receiving, and indeed frequently publishing, admirable photographs of odd out-of-the-way places and incidents from all quarters of the globe.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY by W. E. Norris, illustrated by W. Small, is concluded on page 19.

DAWN AT MONTE CARLO

THE small Principality of Monaco, which has not been inappropriately styled the "Plague Spot of the Mediterranean," is now the only place of any note in Europe where public gambling is permitted. Indeed, the whole State is maintained by *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, the gaming tables being farmed out on terms which suffice not only to provide for all the wants of the Principality, but to furnish its Sovereign, Charles III., with a handsome civil list. Notwithstanding all this, however, the original *entrepreneur*, M. Blanc, amassed a huge fortune which made his widow one of the wealthiest women in Europe, and enabled his daughter to marry a son of Prince Napoleon, Prince Roland Bonaparte. Nor, since M. Blanc's death have the glories of Monaco faded. The gambling establishment, situated on a rocky promontory, Monte Carlo, with all its palatial surroundings and its magnificent gardens, are entirely laid out for strangers and visitors, of whom some twenty thousand or so visit Prince Charles's domains every year. No native of Monaco is permitted to gamble, and the visitors are largely recruited from the thousands who flock in the winter to San Remo and Nice. Consequently Monte Carlo and its attractions are by no means popular with the authorities and residents of these towns, and both the French and Italian Governments have long been meditating a forcible remonstrance against an establishment which lures many hundreds yearly to their ruin and some to their death. "Another Suicide at Monte Carlo" is a common line in the South of Europe journals, and the *Times* only lately recorded the death by his own hand, at Monaco, of a wealthy Russian merchant, whose losses were beyond redemption. Every question, however, has two sides, and some persons think that it is better for Monte Carlo to exist—a plain, straightforward gambling-house—where every one who goes has at least the same chance of gain as his neighbour, and moreover is perfectly aware of the character of the place, than for it to be suppressed, and replaced, as is the case in Germany, and even in London, by secret gambling-hells of the worst description. In these, surrounded by blacklegs and bullies, a victim has no chance of winning, nor, indeed, of exit until he has been cleaned out to the uttermost farthing. In this manner Monte Carlo certainly acts as a European safety-valve; but, on the other hand, no one can read of the terrible scenes which constantly occur there without a feeling of repugnance that such a haunt of vice should be publicly licensed.

Our artist has depicted a scene at dawn on one of the terraces. An unfortunate player has lost his last stake, and ended his days with all that remained to him—a pistol. Accustomed to such instances of despair, the Gendarmes bend over him—their first thought to avoid scandal.



ON being raised to the Peerage, the Laureate will be created Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, in the county of Sussex, and of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight.

MR. GLADSTONE attained his seventy-fourth birthday on Saturday, when the occasion was celebrated quietly by a family party at Hawarden, where numerous congratulatory telegrams were received during the day.—A local Highway Board has given Mr. Gladstone notice to remove some trees which he has planted on the road to Chester; and, if he does not comply, it threatens to give orders for their removal.—A sudden visit of the Premier to London on Monday, when he conferred with Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, was attributed by gossip to the increasing difficulties of the situation in Egypt.

WITH Christmas-tide and the opening of the New Year there has been almost a collapse of political oratory. Responding at Chester to the toast of the House of Lords, the Duke of Westminster made some remarks on the strength which had been and might be given to a mainly hereditary House of Legislature by the addition to it of men distinguished in the various walks of life. He instanced, as another step in the right direction, the elevation of Mr. Tennyson to the Peerage.

OPENING A COUNTY MUSEUM at Dorchester, Lord Shaftesbury protested against the contemplated demolition of Crosby Hall.

KNIGHTHOODS have been conferred on Mr. Alderman Knight, late Lord Mayor of London, on Mr. Vane, Secretary of the Charity Commission, on Mr. W. Hardy, Deputy-Keeper of the Records, and on Colonel Bolton, of the Local Government Board, inventor of the system of telegraphic and visual signalling used by the army.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD has addressed two opportune communications to the Vestries and District Boards of the Metropolis. In one, their attention is directed to the powers conferred on them by a series of Acts for the improvement or demolition of dwellings objectionable in sanitary and other respects, and they are reminded of the serious responsibility which rests on them if they neglect to exercise those powers. In another communication the Board intimates that the whole Metropolis is to be brought under those provisions of the Sanitary Acts which enable the local authorities to

make, with the sanction of the Board, regulations for houses let in lodgings.

ON RETIRING from the administration of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, Professor Owen is to be made a K.C.B.

THE TOTAL RECEIPTS of the Hospital Saturday Fund in 1883 amounted to 7,983 $\frac{1}{2}$. Compared with the previous year, 1,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ more had been distributed among the medical charities of London, and fourteen more of these had received grants.

MR. RUSKIN seems to have been converted to a belief in Land Nationalisation. Writing to decline presiding at a lecture by Mr. Henry George, the American apostle of that doctrine, Mr. Ruskin wishes him all success in his efforts, and an understanding audience.

THE PROMOTERS of the two schemes for the construction of a Channel Tunnel have received an intimation from the Board of Trade that if the Bills deposited are proceeded with they will be opposed by the Government in Parliament. The Directors of the South-Eastern Railway Channel Company, however, intend, it is said, to persevere with their application to Parliament.

THE COMMITTEE ON IRISH AFFAIRS, formed last session, and composed of Ulster Liberal and English and Scotch Advanced Liberal Members of Parliament, intend to publish papers on what they regard as political and social reforms needed in Ireland. The first item in their programme is the equalisation of the Irish with the English franchise.—The tenant occupiers of Church and glebe lands, who purchased their holdings after the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, assert that they paid too large a price for them, and have formed an association, which is memorialising the Lord Lieutenant for a reduction of the original purchase-money, or a revaluation, along with a Government advance of the amount of outstanding mortgage.—An extraordinary manifesto, purporting to issue from Captain Alexander, and calling on Orangemen to arm, is declared by him to be a forgery.—The dead body, bearing marks of violence, of a prominent Orangeman, supposed to have been unpopular with his Roman Catholic neighbours, has been found in a bog hole near Portadown.—The London Salters' Company are negotiating the sale of their Irish landed estates to their tenantry and other City Companies, it is said, will follow their example.—Replying to an address of sympathy from Lancashire Conservatives, Lord Rossmore said that his suspension from the Commission of the Peace had been amply repaid by the approval of influential bodies, of which he was as proud as he is callous to the insults of what he called an effete Government.—At the public dinner of the National Teachers' Congress in Dublin the "Health of the Lord-Lieutenant" was omitted from the list of toasts, an omission which was strenuously protested against by the delegates from Ulster.—The Government having declined to proclaim the demonstration of Nationalists and counter-demonstration of Loyalists at Dromore, both came off on New Year's Day. A considerable force of military and police was present to prevent a collision. This, however, occurred when the meetings had broken up in the evening, and the Nationalists would have suffered severely but for the protection given them by the military.—The Conservatives of County Derry seem to have decided not to start a candidate in opposition to the Irish Solicitor-General.

THE METAPHORICAL EFFICACY of pouring oil on troubled waters may prove to be a reality. Some new experiments of the kind in Folkestone Harbour have been so far successful that a few gallons of oil poured on what is described as a nasty sea, raised by an east wind, made the whole bay as calm as a lake for an hour.

AMONG several heavy failures with the opening of the year is that of the well-known firm of John Brogden and Sons, mine-owners, colliery proprietors, and railway contractors, one of the partners in which, Mr. Alexander Brogden, has since 1868 represented Wednesbury in the Liberal interest. The other partner is Mr. Henry Brogden. The liabilities are estimated at upwards of 720,000 $\frac{1}{2}$. It was to the founder of the firm, the late Mr. John Brogden, that was chiefly due the construction of the difficult and costly railway which connected the Furness peninsula with what may be called the mainland of Lancashire.

IN THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK we note the death of Sir J. B. Darvall, formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales; of the Hon. Randal Plunkett, eldest son of Lord Dunsany, aged thirty-six, who, from 1874 to 1880, represented West Gloucestershire in the Conservative interest; of Mr. Townshend Mainwaring, formerly M.P. for Derbyshire, in his seventy-seventh year; of Miss Sherriff, who fifty years ago was a celebrated English *prima donna*; and of Mr. Thomas Holloway, whose portrait and biography we publish elsewhere.

MR. J. RUSSELL LOWELL has resigned the Rectorship of St. Andrew's University from a feeling that he cannot, as American Minister in London, discharge its duties fully. He hopes, however, in person to address the students.



THE pantomimes of this Christmas are likely to be remembered in dramatic annals as showing a marked improvement upon their predecessors, both in the splendours of the *mise-en-scène* and in the elimination in great degree of the coarser kind of buffoonery imported from the music-halls, which has of late years, to the joy neither of young or old, been creeping into our holiday entertainments. Miss Kate Vaughan's engagement at DRURY LANE is in itself a token of this advance; for grace and refinement are the essential characteristics both of this popular lady's dancing and acting; and the delight with which her first appearance, tripping charmingly about in her pretty cream-coloured dress, with its poppy-hued ribbons, was hailed by the vast audience of Boxing-night, shows that so far, at least, Mr. Harris had made no mistake. Some regret may continue to be felt by old playgoers over the shrunken character of the "harlequinade," once so important, and we suspect that the children, for whose diversion pantomimes are supposed to be primarily intended, would willingly barter the most elaborate of ballets for a little more fun with Clown and Pantaloon. The taste of parents and guardians, however, has to be in the first place regarded, for they are the patrons of the theatre, without whose good will pantomimes might appeal in vain to the playgoing public; and these elder visitors notoriously require to be pleased with brilliant spectacle, and even with those political and other "topical" allusions which, though unintelligible to the youngsters, are never wholly absent from the pantomime writer's rhymed couplets. Take it altogether, however, there is in the pantomime of *Cinderella* abundance for all tastes. Mr. Emden's beautiful scene of the Moonlight Glen, with the grand incident of the hunting party, has already been admired for its picturesque animation by thousands of spectators, and the grand procession of the heroes and heroines of fairy and nursery legends is not less successful or less likely to be treasured up among the reminiscences of the present generation of juvenile playgoers. Possibly it will hold a place in memory even longer than Mr. Beverley's grand gold and silver transformation scene. It is well indeed for Drury Lane that it has distinguished itself on this occasion by special

efforts; for otherwise the pantomime of *Little Red Riding Hood* at HER MAJESTY'S (of which we gave a brief description last week) might have utterly eclipsed, as already it may be said successfully to contend with, its more famous rival. Here again—thanks to the good taste and judgment of the management—the element of music-hall vulgarity, which was rather obtrusively present last year in the otherwise beautiful pantomime of *The Yellow Dwarf*, has disappeared. No burly male performers now appear in petticoats, and slang is kept within reasonable bounds. Negative merits, however, are very far from being the chief claims of the pantomime at Her Majesty's to the suffrages of the holiday people. The old nursery story is honestly set forth, as it always ought to be, and every opportunity which it offers for brilliant spectacle and pageantry is skillfully seized upon by Mr. Calcott, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Bruce Smith, and their artistic coadjutors. Then there are the inexhaustible humours of the bedroom scene, and the unbounded merriment and agility of Miss Victoria and Miss Jessie Vokes and their astonishingly flexible brother, Mr. Frederick Vokes, so long familiar in the pantomime at Drury Lane. Mr. J. T. Powers, of the Edouin Troupe, Miss Clara Jecks, and Miss M. Williams, are also conspicuous in the well-sustained movement and animation of the performance. The pictorial ballets, wherein that accomplished dancer, Mdlle. Sampietro, is the leading spirit, are remarkable enough to constitute in themselves a special feature in *Little Red Riding Hood*, to which may be added the orderly and graceful evolutions of the multitude of little children, who sing and dance in character with really surprising vivacity.

At houses of less note pantomime flourishes this year, certainly with no token of diminishing interest in this essentially Christmas form of entertainment. At the IMPERIAL Theatre, indeed, the pantomime of *Prospero, or the King of the Cannibal Islands*, has been rather poorly and apparently hurriedly got up; but at the SURREY *Jack and Jill* fully maintains the reputation of that transpontine home of pantomime. Mr. George Conquest's humours, the grace of Miss Harcourt and Miss James, and the agile proceedings of Mr. Edmunds as "Pongo from the Congo," are not less conspicuous features than the excellent scenic effects and the liberal supply of "harlequinade." The building of the house, and the "review of precious stones," each deserve mention.—At the STANDARD another old nursery story, *Puss in Boots*, is in the ascendant, and much pains is taken here to give a touch of novelty to the splendours of the indispensable transformation, by the passage across the field of view of a crystal globe, brilliantly illuminated, representing the sun, upon which stands a lady who, as the glorious orb slowly passes, recites an appropriate address.—Report also speaks favourably of the pantomimes of *Queen Dodo* at the BRITANNIA and *Sinbad* at the PAVILION.

At SANGER'S Amphitheatre, the pantomime of *Cinderella*; or, *Harlequin Humpty Dumpty*, written by Messrs. Frank W. Green and Oswald Allan, is far more amusing than that of last year, and is well-arranged; the scenic effects also being good. The legend is slightly altered from the original, as Humpty Dumpty (Mr. O'Brady) is made to fall in love with, and propose to, Cinderella, who, however, refuses his advances, and shuts the door in his face. But Humpty Dumpty is not to be dismissed in this manner, and, in order to pursue his protestations, mounts the garden wall, a fall from which ends his existence. Cinderella is well represented by Miss Nellie Settle, her father, the Baron, by Mr. C. Steyne, and the quarrelsome sisters by Messrs. A. Goodrich and C. M. Rodney. A small white poodle (Master J. Rodgers) goes through many amusing antics, together with Humpty Dumpty's myrmidons (Little Sandy and Mr. A. Lorraine). The scene of "The Hall of Magnificence" is especially good, in which a whole bevy of horses, elephants, camels, sheep, snakes and snake charmers, and even pelicans make their appearance. The hunting scene is also amusing, kangaroos entering well into the sport. The pantomime is preceded by a circus performance, in which Mr. Sanger exhibits his beautiful Friesland horse, "Black Eagle."

The travesty of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, at the GAIETY, is but a trifle, designed chiefly to afford a vehicle for the burlesque powers of Mr. Edward Terry and Miss E. Farren, and as such it fully answers its purpose. The notion of transposing the sexes, and making the sculptor a lady with a jealous husband, and the statue one of the rougher sex, is comic; and Mr. Terry's statuesque poses, both on and off the pedestal, are ludicrous in the extreme. His embarrassments when he has to return for awhile to his niche, and discovers that he has "forgotten his attitude," and the odd, ungainly dances, in which Miss Farren joins, are quite in Mr. Terry's way. Provided as it is, moreover, with rather clever songs, and some passages of sprightly dialogue, supported by the full strength of the present Gaiety burlesque company, and rendered bright and attractive by a picturesque scene and pretty costumes, the little piece furnishes a merry ending to the evening's entertainments as the after-piece to *The Rocket*, the popularity of which comedy seems to be unbounded.

The adapted French farcical comedy produced at the ROYALTY Theatre with the title of *The Three Hats* is a piece displaying much comical invention, but it would be more effective if played by a company such as that which was long at the Criterion under Mr. Charles Wyndham's direction. Mr. Robert Brough, however, as the unhappy husband who gets into terrible scrapes through losing his hat under compromising circumstances, plays with a good deal of comic force, and Mr. Owen Dove's impersonation of a puzzle-headed visitor of grotesque aspect and eccentric habits is irresistibly droll. The little house has just reopened, under the management of Mr. C. B. Cowper.

A more than usual degree of interest is felt among playgoers in the production this evening, at the SAVOY, of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, the title of which is *Princess Ida*; or, *Castle Adamant*. It is described as "a respectful operatic perversion of Tennyson's 'Princess,' in a prologue and two acts." Seats for the first performance are not to be had at any price, the demand having been greatly in excess of the accommodation.

Lord Coleridge, who is a great nephew of the poet Coleridge, has written to express the interest that he feels in the forthcoming representation of the tragedy of *Remorse*. He has suggested that, if it can be arranged to take place on a Saturday afternoon, it would enable him to be present.

The production of the new comedy, entitled *A Mint of Money*, at TOOLE'S Theatre, has been postponed till Thursday next. Mr. Burnand's new travesty, entitled *Pau Claudian*, is also in active preparation.

Mr. Toole and his entire company are, by special command, to perform at Sandringham on Tuesday next. His theatre will, therefore, be closed on that evening.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy, *The Glass of Fashion*, will be withdrawn at the GLOBE Theatre after this week. A new comedy by Mr. Pinero is in preparation, with the title of *Low Water*.

SOME QUIANT CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS are still extant in prosaic Berlin. Thus, the clothes-line must not hang in the loft between Christmas and New Year's Day on penalty of bad luck. Dreams dreamt within the same period are sure to come true, while children born on Christmas Day will have the gift of prophecy. To ensure wealth, people must eat the roe of the carp on Christmas Eve, because fish-roe signifies money, and scales from the Christmas carp carried in the purse will keep it well filled throughout the year. Herring-roe will suffice for those too poor to buy carp. A less cheerful practice is to make little sand heaps with a thimble for each member of the family on Christmas Eve, and whoever's heap has fallen in by next morning is sure to die during the year.



A DWARF OPERATIC COMPANY is shortly to appear in New York. All the members are under four feet in height.

THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.—We are much obliged to the officials of the above establishment for the ornamental card which they send us annually, and wish them all health and happiness for 1884.

CHRISTMAS PRIMROSES grown in the open air are somewhat rare, yet, thanks to the mild weather, a country church near Reading was decorated on Christmas Day with primroses from the neighbouring woods, where these flowers are now blooming in profusion.

"HAPPY HARRIET."—Harriet is not one of the very common Christian names, yet out of twelve marriages announced in Wednesday's *Times* there are three printed in succession where the bride's name was Harriette, Harriett, and Harriet, spelt thus in a different way in each instance.

MR. BARNUM is now ready to sing *Nunc Dimittis*, having imported a white elephant—the crowning glory of his career. So he has made his will, after getting several doctors to testify to his due sanity. His estate is valued at two millions sterling, including his share in the famous show, which amounts to 700,000 $\frac{1}{2}$.

DRUNKARDS in GERMANY will for the future be sternly looked after by the State. Each town must keep a record of all the hard drinkers, and the city medical men are bound to report those who habitually imbibe to excess, so that the authorities may weed out the black sheep, and subject them to a strict course of treatment.

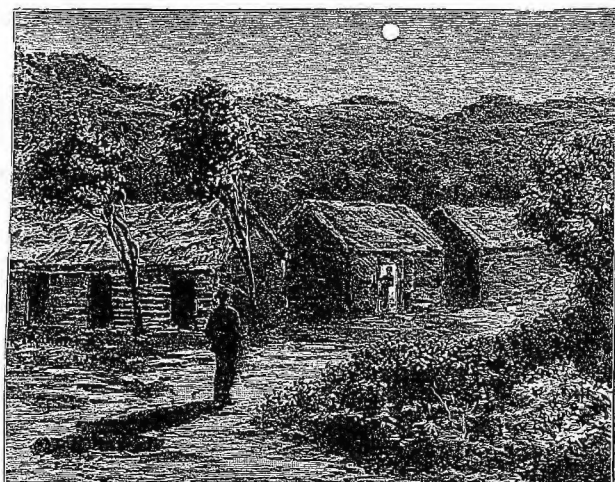
TWO EXTRAORDINARY NEEDLES are to be shown this summer at the forthcoming International Exhibition of Needlework at the Crystal Palace. One was manufactured at Redditch and presented to the Queen. It imitates Trajan's column, and is engraved with scenes from the Queen's life, so finely executed that they can only be seen with a magnifying-glass, while, further, it opens and contains several still thinner needles similarly ornamented. The other curious needle was made from a hair taken out of the German Emperor's beard when Emperor William was lately visiting the great German needle manufactory at Kreuznach.

THE LATE M. GAMBETTA'S HOUSE AT VILLE D'AVRAY, Les Jardijs, which was visited on the first anniversary of his death—Monday—by many admirers, remains empty, dismantled, and dreary. The Pavilion where he died has been stripped of all its furniture, and the windows are opened wide on the neglected garden, where the hedge has been broken down, and the only sound is the barking of two old dogs, formerly belonging to the late statesman. The wall looking on the street has been newly whitewashed to get rid of the affectionate inscriptions to M. Gambetta's memory scrawled over every available scrap of space, but the admirers have begun afresh to inform the passers-by that "La Famille D—, of —" offer their homage to Gambetta, &c. The drawing-room and the death chamber are now to be fitted up for the memorial ceremony to-morrow (Sunday), when a marble tablet and inscription are to be placed on the house.

LONDON MORTALITY has decreased during the past two weeks, and 1,609 and 1,503 deaths have been respectively registered, being 368 and 478 below the average, and at the rate of 21.2 and 19.8 per 1,000. These deaths included 2 and 2 from small-pox, 52 and 54 from measles, 42 and 48 from scarlet fever, 19 and 22 from diphtheria, 42 and 46 from whooping-cough, 30 and 21 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 11 and 10 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from either typhus or simple cholera. Deaths referred to the respiratory organs the week before last numbered 391, and were 218 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 65 and 47 deaths; 48 and 36 were the result of negligence, among which were 24 and 13 from fractures and contusions, 5 and 6 from burns and scalds, 4 and 3 from drowning, and 10 and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,579 and 1,847 births registered, being 4 and 469 below the average. The mean temperature of the air last week was 40.0 deg., and 0.9 deg. above the average. The registered duration of sunshine during last week was nil.

ENGLISH LITERATURE during 1883 was in a decidedly more flourishing condition than during the previous few years, owing in the main to the improvement in trade, and to a corresponding demand for literary novelty. Thus the 4,732 new books brought out, according to the *Publishers' Circular*, were 754 in excess of the publications of 1882; and the 1,413 new editions showed an increase of 267—nearly one-half of this latter increase, however, consisting of novels. Theology claims almost the largest share in proportion to the whole—nearly one-sixth—there being 704 publications of this class, an increase of 108 on the preceding year. Juvenile literature produced 741 works; educational books numbered 556 (a rise of 121); history and biography muster 414 (an increase of 53); artistic, scientific, and illustrated books amount to 354 (a growth of 90); fiction claims 349 (a rise of 43); and year-books and annuals number 315. The largest increase belongs to the *belles-lettres* and essays, which rise to 256 from 92; and the only falling off is in poetry and the drama, which can only show 145 against 158 in 1882. Voyages and geographical research account for 210; law for 139 (an increase of 87); political and social economy, trade and commerce, for 187; medicine for 163; while the remainder come under the head of miscellaneous.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS in PARIS have eclipsed most other interests this week, from the penny novelty in the Boulevard New Year's Fair to the gorgeous floral or china *drennes* out of the most expensive establishments. This year the popular fair is rather poor, and badly patronised, except in the lowest quarters, and novelties are few. The question *Tonkinoise* is, of course, to be found, and tiny figures of Black Flags are plentiful, and another topical curiosity, the "Anarchist," was advertised, but would-be buyers found the shop shut. It is a sign of the times that scientific toys outnumber all others, even the much-loved military playthings, and two of the most appreciated gifts are a mechanical road-roller, wound up like a top, and a complicated soap-bubble blowing apparatus. The excitement aroused against the importation of German playthings has made people discover that Paris can supply nearly every kind of toy formerly imported, especially the soldiers and military panoply usually attributed to Teutonic manufacture. One factory in the Marais produces 500,000 boxes of tin soldiers yearly, and most of these metal toys are made from old tins and sardine boxes, which can be seen in great heaps at the Buttes-Chaumonts being melted down for use. But if the Parisians patriotically insist on buying home-made toys, the important *drennes* are far more prized for being foreign, Japanese products in particular being the rage. Jewels, flowers, and china are the chief materials. In jewellery the cock reigns supreme, being run hard by heraldic trinkets and the "Milan pin"—a fir-cone in diamonds. The floral trophies are lovely, many being in beautiful china receptacles—wheelbarrows, boats, baskets of all shapes. Some of the prettiest devices are the floral sedan-chairs, holding a Louis XIV. doll, who brings the sender's New Year's card, the basket of Persian lilac, on whose ribbon-wreathed handle perches a dove or bird of Paradise bearing a similar card. Plush-draped brackets with various *bric-à-brac* treasures are numerous, and appetising *bonbons* are stowed away in everything from a chenille muff to a bonnet.



EARLY MORNING—AWAKENING THE LADIES



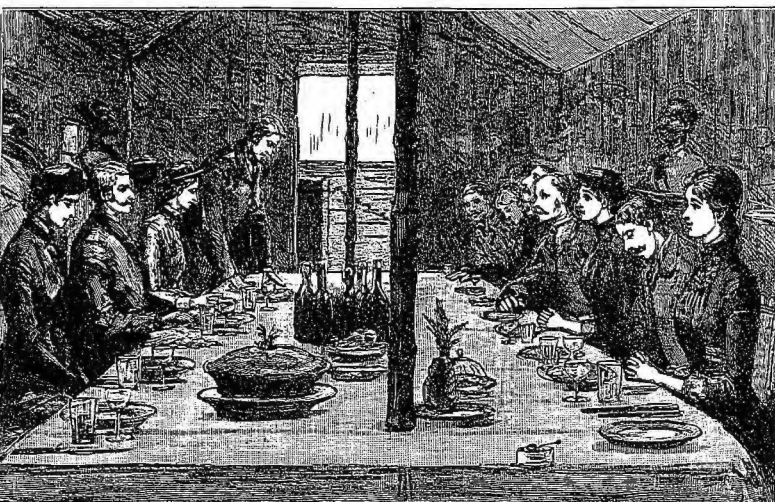
SOME OF THE EARLY-RISING LADIES WAITING ON A KNOLL TILL THE CRIES OF THE HOUNDS SHOULD ANNOUNCE A FIND



SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A STRAY DOE—MUTUAL ASTONISHMENT



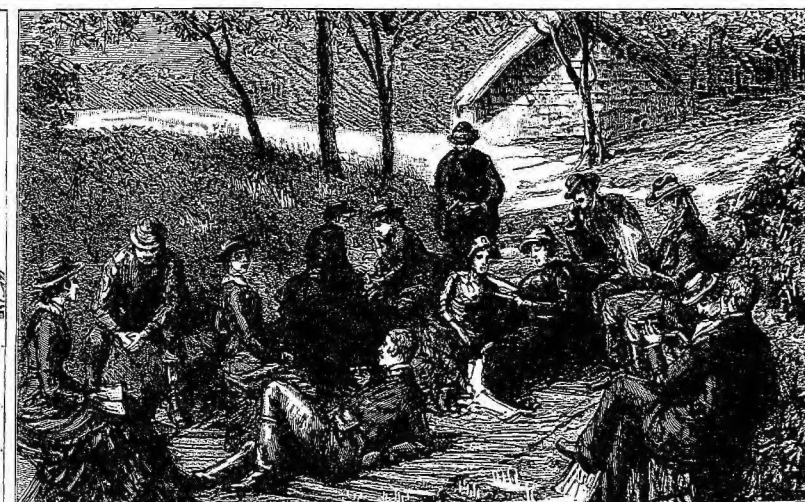
THE LADIES ARE ROUTED



BREAKFAST AT 12 O'CLOCK



THE BUCK AT BAY



THE BOWER—READING "UNCLE REMUS" ALOUD AFTER BREAKFAST



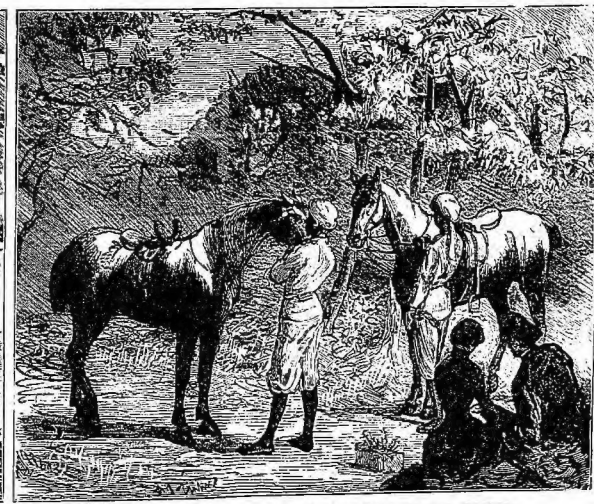
CARRYING A LADY ACROSS A STREAM



TENNIS AT 2 P.M.



THE LADIES' HOUSE IN THE ENCAMPMENT



SOME OF THE PARTY WENT ORCHID-HUNTING IN THE FOREST

A WEEK'S CAMPING OUT AND HUNTING NEAR THE HORTON PLAINS, CEYLON



THE New Year has opened in France with a war cry which rings ominously in the ears of all moderate-thinking Frenchmen. M. Jules Ferry, in the closing meeting of the Session, announced that during the ensuing year the Government was pledged to effect Constitutional reforms. Any modification of the Constitution, however, can only be effected by a Congress of the two Houses, and as a limitation of the fiscal rights of the Senate is one of the most important of the proposed reforms, it is in every way likely that there will be a sharp controversy between the Upper and Lower Chambers. Moreover, a Congress once called together cannot be limited in the choice of subjects for discussion, and, as nothing save the unforeseen happens in French Parliaments, the Deputies may take it into their heads to propose and carry some yet more startling reforms of the Senatorial powers. Now during the past few years the Senate has several times saved the country from a serious political crisis by modifying or rejecting measures which were acknowledged by many staunch Republicans to be extremely dangerous, and moderate-thinking folk are by no means pleased at the notion that its authority is to be seriously curtailed. This question apart, political circles are fairly quiet, and the New Year's festivities have taken place without any untoward incident. There was a pilgrimage of M. Gambetta's friends and colleagues to the little villa at Ville d'Avray, where on the stroke of midnight that day twelvemonth the great statesman breathed his last. M. Paul Bert made a brief commemorative speech in the death chamber, but there was no public demonstration. In the provinces the Socialists have been unusually active in holding meetings, and denouncing the sins of capitalists in particular and of employers of labour in general. There are numerous strikes amongst the miners and amongst the stokers of steamships at Marseilles, of whom nearly 2,000 are "out."

The news from Tonkin is not quite so favourable this week. Like General Bouet, Admiral Courbet has inflicted a defeat upon the enemy, but is unable to follow up his success, as the Black Flags appear to be far too strong to permit of an advance being made upon Bac Ninh. Thus part of the troops have already returned to Hanoi, probably until further reinforcements shall arrive. Consequently the Paris papers are not quite so jubilant, and M. Wilson's *France* is raising the cry of *Cui bono*. "The expedition," it remarks, "will have cost us 2,000,000*fr.* and several thousand men, without bringing us any appreciable benefit." The reinforcements cannot arrive before the rainy season, and thus much of the advantage gained by the capture of Sontay will be lost. Meanwhile, M. Tricou has gone to Hue to secure the new King's signature to Dr. Harmand's Treaty. That gentleman leaves for France by the next mail. As for China there is no authoritative statement of the course which she intends to adopt, but there are various rumours of another compromise being offered which would give France the Northern and China the Southern bank of the Red River.

PARIS has been rejoicing over finer and clearer weather for her New Year's holiday. There is little gossip, however, save a somewhat amusing quarrel between the Paris students and the *Cri du Peuple*, which stigmatised them as "the children of a corrupted bourgeoisie." For two days the students laid siege to the offices of the journal, and then two of their number chosen by lot challenged two of the editors. These, however, declined to fight, whereupon the students passed a resolution expressing a contempt for M. Jules Vallès and his organ.—The only theatrical novelty is an amusing comic opera at the Bouffes, *La Dormeuse Eveillée*, of which the music is by M. Edmond Audran, and the words by MM. Henri Chivot and Alfred Duro.—Judgment was given in the Port Breton case on Wednesday. The Marquis de Rays is pronounced to have disguised selfish motives under the mask of religion, and to have left to certain death the unfortunate emigrants who were foolish enough to trust to him. He is sentenced to four years' imprisonment and 120*fr.*—the maximum punishment for the crime with which he was charged, namely, obtaining money by false pretences. The count of manslaughter, not having been mentioned in the application for his extradition from Spain, had been struck out. His accomplices received minor sentences of imprisonment.

IN EGYPT the chief news comes from Khartoum, where it is still reported that a portion of Hicks' army is safe. The garrison of Fashova, over a thousand strong, also has succeeded in reaching Khartoum, where Colonel Coetlogon now has 4,000 men. The fortifications are being actively pushed forward, but all told the garrison is insufficient to man them. There has been a sharp engagement at Gazireh, near Berber, where the Bashi-Bazouk garrison drove back the enemy with heavy loss, and thus prevented an intended attack on Berber, whither the new governor Hussein Pasha is now on his way with 3,000 Bedouins. At Suakin, General Baker, who has now been created Governor-General of Eastern Sudan, reviewed his forces for the first time on Christmas Day, when 2,600 men paraded, out of a nominal force of 3,300 men, 600 of whom, however, are stated to be hopelessly inefficient and incapable of improvement. There appears to be some discontent amongst the British officers, one of whom, Col. Holroyd, has resigned owing to a dispute with an Egyptian officer; while the *Standard* states that Major Giles, who has borne all the brunt of organising the cavalry, has also sent in his resignation owing to an Egyptian officer being placed over his head. The Mahdi seems from all accounts to be preparing for a march in force upon Lower Egypt. From Cairo there is little news, save that the new Native Courts of Justice have been formally opened, and that they will begin work next month. Colonel Fraser has made a reconnaissance as far as the Second Cataract, and has found all quiet. There is naturally very considerable anxiety respecting the ultimate intentions of the British Government; and in Khedivial circles considerable annoyance has been caused by the recent speech of Lord Randolph Churchill.

IN GERMANY an inspired account of the Crown Prince's visit to the Pope has been published. On the Pope inquiring whether he had any communication to make, the Prince replied that as he had only come to Rome to express his thanks to the King of Italy for the cordial welcome extended to him at Genoa, he could not have been entrusted with any mission whatever. Leo XIII. thanked the Prince for the reinstatement of the Bishop of Limburg, and expressed the hope that the Archbishops of Posen and Cologne would be restored to their Sees, in reply to which the Prince appears to have politely reiterated his former statement. The interview, however, was evidently cordial on both sides. The new Marine Minister, General Caprivi, has been looking into the condition of the Navy, and has issued a most unsatisfactory report. He is busily instituting reforms, and organising a powerful fleet of gunboats. There has been a sad tragedy in Hanover, where an American lady has been shot by her husband, Colonel Rathbone, who for the past four years is stated to have become melancholy and morose, and subject to fits of uncontrollable passion. After shooting his wife, he appears to have stabbed himself, but on regaining consciousness he did not seem to remember anything, asking, "Who could have done this—I do not think I have any enemies?" Colonel (then Major) Rathbone and his sister-in-law, Miss Harris, were in attendance on President and Mrs. Lincoln when the latter was assassinated on the fatal 14th April, 1865. Major Rathbone then received a

wound from the dagger of Wilkes Booth, and it is thought that his mental aberration is due to the shock then received.

RUSSIA has been startled by another political crime, Colonel Soudaikin, the Chief of the Secret Police, having been assassinated yesterday week. He was visiting, together with an assistant, the house of one of his agents, who, though nominally a spy, was actually a Nihilist. On entering the passage the Colonel was first stunned by an iron bar and then shot with a revolver. The murder is attributed to the militant section of the Nihilists, and has naturally excited no little alarm in official circles. Colonel Soudaikin's funeral was solemnised with military honours at St. Petersburg on Monday, the body being taken to his family estate at Smolensk for final interment. Curiously enough, at the same time we hear of the execution of a prisoner at Irkutsk, an ex-school-teacher, for having struck the Governor-General, who was visiting him in his cell and reproving him in somewhat unmeasured terms.

The Reichsrath in AUSTRIA meets on the 22nd inst., and all parties are looking forward to a somewhat stormy time. Nor does the prospect of a peaceable Parliamentary Session promise much better in Hungary, where Herr Tisza, in speaking to the members of the Liberal party on Tuesday, repeated his assurance that a Bill for the reform of the Upper House had been drafted, and would be presented to the Diet at the first opportune moment. In Croatia matters seem to be somewhat mending, though there is much political fermentation. Considerable satisfaction has been caused, however, by the announcement that the Emperor had abolished the post of Royal Commissioner in the military frontier district. The town of Szegedin has been bidding an affectionate farewell to Herr Ludwig Tisza, the Royal Commissioner, who has won golden opinions on all sides for his energy and skill in rebuilding and reorganising the town after its terrible disaster. In Vienna there has been much indignation roused against the Socialists for a disturbance effected through their agency in a church where a Jesuit priest was preaching. In the middle of the sermon they began to hiss and whistle, and then a cry of "fire" was raised, which caused a panic, which resulted in seventeen persons being injured.

From INDIA we hear little save of meetings and discussions on the various burning questions which the Government has succeeded in rousing of late years. The Ilbert Bill compromise is sulkily received by the natives, the *Indian Mirror* complaining that the European will be in a better position than before; while the *Hindoo Patriot* heads its article on the subject, "Peace with Dishonour." The statement that the Viceroy had decided on the "immediate" disestablishment of the English Church in India is officially contradicted, it being announced that "the matter has not gone beyond the discussion of general principles, and that, until general principles are settled, no question affecting the amount of the existing grant can come before the Indian Government for practical consideration." The Rent Bill is another much-discussed topic, and a great meeting of 3,000 landowners to protest against the measure was held in the Town Hall, Calcutta, on Saturday. The Akha Expedition seems to be meeting with considerable resistance, though at present our troops have been completely successful.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The political crisis in SPAIN has resulted in Señor Sagasta breaking off relations with the Cabinet, much to the delight of his followers. The Ministry are completely controlled by a Directory of the Dynastic Left, who treat the Ministers as mere clerks to carry out their decisions.—In PORTUGAL, the Cortes was opened by the King on Wednesday. The chief measures announced were bills for a revision of the Constitution and electoral reform.—BULGARIA has been highly pleased at the action of the Sultan in conferring the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh on the Bulgarian Exarch.—In TURKEY proper much surprise has been caused by the sudden increase of Ministerial salaries at a time when the Sultan was urging strict economy in all departments. The Porte has declined to accept the Greek Patriarch's resignation, and some compromise will probably be effected.—In GREECE the Government have asked for permission to raise a new loan, the object of the Ministry this Session being to redeem the paper currency. The strength of the army for the ensuing year will be 30,692 men.—In TUNIS England has now, in accordance with the agreement with France, abolished all British Consular jurisdiction as provided for by the now defunct capitulations.—At Harbour Grace, NEWFOUNDLAND, there has been a fatal partisan riot. An Orange procession having been fired at several persons were killed. A grand funeral of those killed took place on Saturday, but no further disturbance took place. Numerous arrests have been made.—The chief news from the UNITED STATES relates to an accident to General Grant, who has slipped and injured his leg.



THE QUEEN'S Christmas gathering at Osborne broke up at the end of last week, the Princess Louise and her husband returning to town, while Princes Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Louis of Battenberg went back to Portsmouth. The Duke and Duchess of Albany remain with Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, and on Saturday the Dean of Windsor arrived and joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne before the Queen, the Princess, and the Duke and Duchess, when the Dean of Windsor officiated. On Monday the Queen held a Council, which was attended by the Duke of Albany, Lord Carlingford, and Sir H. Ponsonby, and subsequently Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Carlingford, and knighted Messrs. Vane and Hardy, Captain F. Bolton, and Alderman Knight, late Lord Mayor. Later in the day Prince Louis of Battenberg again arrived on a visit.—The Queen's New Year's gifts to the poor of the parishes of St. John, Holy Trinity, and Clewer, were presented at Windsor Castle on Tuesday, 3,191 lbs. of beef and fifty-eight and a-half tons of coal being distributed.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining a small circle of friends at Sandringham for the New Year, including Lord Alcester, Sir Augustus Paget, and Sir F. Leighton. The Prince and his guests have been out shooting on the Sandringham and Castle Rising Estates, and on Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their family and visitors, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Tarver preached. The Prince and Princess will remain at Sandringham till about the 13th inst., when they commence a round of visits, beginning with the Duchess of Edinburgh, and going subsequently to Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel, Dorset, while the Prince spends the last week of January with Sir Philip Miles at Leigh Court. Then he intends to go to the Riviera for a short time. The Prince and Princess will probably attend the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the restored part of Peterborough Cathedral.—Prince George of Wales has gone to St. Kitts in the *Canada*.

The Duke of Edinburgh remains at Gibraltar, and on Monday crossed over for the day to Tangiers, where he lunched with the British Minister. The Duchess constantly comes up to town from Eastwell, and has been to the Lyceum Theatre, and to inspect M. Roussoff's water-colour drawings, at the Fine Art Society's rooms

—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are now settled at Meerut, where they occupy a very ordinary and plainly-furnished bungalow, the only elaborately-decorated room in the house being the Duchess's boudoir. The drainage has been carefully examined. The Duke is busily studying Hindostanee, the Duchess and himself having begun the study on the voyage out in the *Cathay*, where they joined a daily class under the tuition of one of the passengers.



THE QUEEN has appointed the Rev. Canon William Boyd Carpenter to be one of her Chaplains in Ordinary, and the Rev. Harry Jones to be one of her Honorary Chaplains.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH has requested that a public thanksgiving for his complete restoration to health should be offered in all the churches of his Diocese.

THE SEE OF JERUSALEM, the joint creation of England and of Prussia, under Frederick William III., has long been vacant. The German Emperor, it is said, has communicated to Her Majesty's Government his readiness to nominate a new Bishop.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY was crowded on Tuesday, when, with the usual impressive ceremonial, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other prelates consecrated Dr. Barry Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia. Canon Westcott preached the sermon, in the course of which he remarked that only forty-eight years had elapsed since Sydney became the centre of an Australian See, and now eighteen Sees owned it as their parent.

OPENING A CABMAN'S SHELTER IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, in which London House is situated, the Bishop of London spoke very favourably of the behaviour of the cabmen who used the rank in the square. The money to build the shelter was raised by Miss Jackson, the Bishop's daughter.

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE Watch Night services were held in many of the churches and chapels of the metropolis. At the midnight meeting of the Salvation Army Mrs. Booth announced that it would soon open a campaign in Germany.

SINCE HIS DEPRIVATION by a judgment of Lord Penzance the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have refused to pay the income of the living to the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, Vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks, and formerly of St. Alban's, Holborn. He has accordingly resigned his incumbency, as by remaining he would keep from the parish, which as a poor one very much needs it, the Vicar's annual stipend. Thus, in all probability, ends, so far as England is concerned, a ministerial career, which has for fifteen years been productive of controversy and litigation.

THE REV. H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH, for seven years Minor Canon of St. Paul's, has been inducted into the Rectory of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, where he intends to live, and whither he will transfer the Bible lectures to young men, which for several winters he has been delivering in the Chapter House.

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION have drawn up the Memorial to the Queen, referred to in this column last week, protesting against certain of the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commissioners. Their Report is objected to as having gone "far behind" the Reformation, and Her Majesty is asked to withhold her assent from the recommendations of the Commissioners until the questions at issue have been reconsidered by a Commission of Review.

SOME EXCITEMENT has been caused by an intimation, which its Calcutta correspondent telegraphed to the *Times*, that under pressure from the Home Government, and against the advice of the great majority of his Council, Lord Ripon had decided on Disestablishing the English Church in India. This was followed by the publication of a *communiqué* in the Calcutta newspapers stating that no immediate Disestablishment of the English Church in India was contemplated, and that though communication on the subject had passed between the Home and the Indian Governments, matters had got no further than a discussion of the general principles involved in the question. Strictly speaking, "concurrent endowment" is the rule in India, and Roman Catholic prelates and Presbyterian chaplains receive grants from the Government. The sum devoted by the Indian Government to Ecclesiastical purposes in 1882 was 162,136*l.*

A NONCONFORMIST, in the person of Mr. Anstie, Q.C., a well-known Chancery barrister, has been appointed a Charity Commissioner. Through his secretary, in a letter to Mr. Richard, M.P., Mr. Gladstone says that it has been a special pleasure to him to have had this opportunity of recognising the claims of the Nonconformist community.

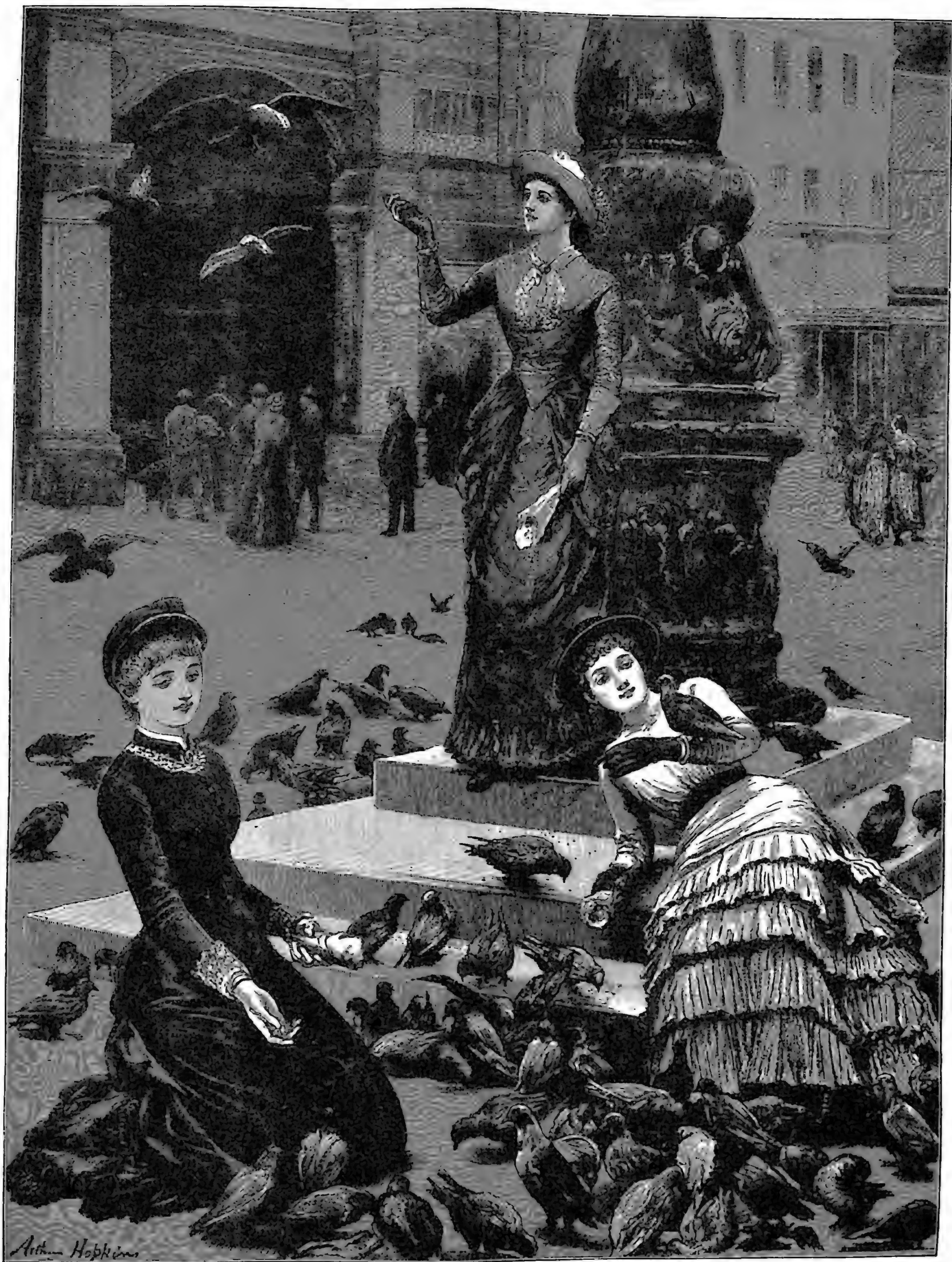
ACCORDING to the New Year's address issued by the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, working class societies of various kinds, numbering more than half a million of members, had during 1883, and apparently on secular grounds, adopted resolutions against the opening of Museums, &c., on Sundays.

THE London Congregational Union has recently opened two more of its mission-halls in the poorest parts of London; this time in Ratcliff and Colliers' Rents.

THE Wycliffe Commemoration Committee, it is understood, will recommend that the quinqucentenary of the great English precursor of the Reformation, should be celebrated on the 21st of May, the day on which, in 1382, Wycliffe and his doctrines were condemned by the Synod which met in the Priory of the Grey Friars, in London.



OMNIUM GATHERUM.—Mlle. Lilli Lehmann, the original Flossilde of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, at Bayreuth and elsewhere, has been so seriously indisposed that, by medical advice and managerial consent, she has left Berlin for the South of France. The patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre will not have forgotten this amiable and talented artist.—Carl Klindworth, the well-known Wagnerite pianist, or professor of what Wagner himself styled "Hammer-music," having relinquished his post at Kullak's New Academy of Music (Berlin), is now establishing a rival institution on his own account. Theodore Kullak, founder of the original Academy, used to be a household name; but the Klindworth doctrines and those maintained in earlier days can possibly have little or nothing in common.—New pianists, both youthful and already *hors ligne*, if reports may be credited, are springing up on all sides—especially in the capital of "All the Russias." The latest phenomenon of the species is Olga Lwowna Cezano, who, having experienced a flattering welcome at Vienna, intends now trying her fortune at Berlin, where the rumoured "entente cordiale" is likely to serve her in good stead. What Heinrich Heine, who had a rooted aversion to pianists, and only enlightened Chopin in half banter (he was nervous with regard to Liszt), would have said, if the "swarm" which has cropped up since his demise invited his attention, is hard to calculate. He might, it is



"FEEDING THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE"

true, have taken into special favour the Russian Essipoff—as he took, among violinists, Ernst, the Moravian (Néruda was to appear long after)—and constituted that fascinating key-impressor his figure-head, with few to blame him for the choice; but if the whole army had glided before him in processional array he would have saluted one after another with a shrug of indifference, or bestowed upon each a pungently ironical sentence in the *Augsburg Gazette*, to which paper he addressed his famous letters from Paris (“Lutetia”). But the Heines, Saphirs, &c., are now extinct, even Edouard Hanslick of Vienna (as becomes, it may be urged, a plenitude of years) having—by no means to their advantage—greatly modified the sardonic vein for which his articles in the *Neue Freie Presse* were for a long period distinguished.—Pauline Lucca, it is now decided, will be the heroine of Ponchielli’s *Gioconda*, when that work is produced at the Vienna Imperial Opera House, and is now studying the part with the zeal and perseverance that rarely fail her.—Verdi is for the present at Milan, seriously engaged, it is to be hoped, with Signor Boito in devising the final shape which their long-expected opera, *Iago*, is to assume. It will be found a much more difficult task to present the two-sided Venetian fiend in guise acceptable to musicians than his infatuated dupe, Othello; but if two such adepts as the composers of *Aida* and *Mefistofele* combined to use their subtle intellects to little or no purpose, with such a theme as Shakespeare’s great tragedy to work upon, and such a female element as Desdemona to furnish it with a charm inherent and apart, it would be still more rash to anticipate anything original and striking in future from such rare combinations. Verdi, indeed, now in his 71st year, is bound to crown a career of well-earned glory with some great effort; and universal expectation being fixed upon *Iago*, let *Iago* by all means be the work. Nothing else will serve so well—the more so inasmuch as the plot of Boito’s drama will differ in most respects from that which Rossini has immortalised in the final act of his *Otello*.—Among recent deaths in the artistic world is announced that of Signor Vivio, the tenor, who expired suddenly while performing in a musical comediatta (Argentine Republic).—M. Saint Saëns has nearly finished his opera, *Le Roi Arthur*. Wagnerites and the “advanced people” generally will be on the look out.—Flotow’s “posthumous” opera, *Der Graf von St. Mgrin*, was to be given yesterday, for the first time, at the Stadttheater, Cologne.—M. Victor Massé, the French professor and composer, is completely restored to health.—A bust of Georges Bizet, the author of *Carmen*, is to be placed in the *salon* of the Paris Opéra Comique. The plaster model is already there. (Not a bit too soon).—Berlioz’s *Damnation de Faust* has been produced with the accustomed success at Lyons, by the St. Cecilia Society. The work seems to be penetrating everywhere.—Atevery performance during Madame Pauline Lucca’s engagement at the Royal Opera, Berlin, the house was crammed, as, though instead of a very old favourite, the lady had been a new comer of surpassing promise.

THE LATE LORD LYTTON*

OPINIONS will differ as to the desirableness of publishing every scrap of autobiography, every outline of an unfinished tale, left behind him by the author of “Pelham.” Lord Lytton, however, was not a free agent. The father, in a letter opened after his death, hoped that the son would complete his life’s story; and Lord Lytton has elected to do so exhaustively. For the length of the work he makes no apology; his object is to illustrate his father’s writings by his life, and *vice versa*; and that life he rightly believes to present features of exceptional interest to those who are fond of studying human nature.

It is quite another question whether the general public cares enough for Bulwer’s novels to trouble itself about the genesis of his different characters—how far the scenes in “Pelham,” for instance, are the reproduction of his own Paris life, the gambling, from which he wrenched himself with such a successful effort, the philandering in *salons*, the curls, the aspirations after a leadership in dandyism. For the many, these comparisons are as insipid as the sketch of the tutor Warrington and his very unamiable wife; and of Wolffe, the Jewish footpad, who also figures in Pelham; or the adventure with pretty Mimy among the gipsies, which was more original in those days than it would be now. For the few, nothing that helped to form one of our literary men of mark can be valueless; and the many will value these volumes for the glimpses they give of the inside of that *beau monde* which is increasingly attractive to the thousands who are not in it, and for the opportunity they afford of contrasting that world as it really was yesterday with the very different figure it makes in the Society journals of to-day. Both ways Lord Lytton is sure of readers, though the public will be disappointed that these two volumes only carry the life down to the year 1832, when, as Editor of the *New Monthly*, Bulwer was not only proving (in his own phrase) that “an editor could be a gentleman,” but also doing a good deal to lift magazine literature out of the slough of degrading personalities in which *Fraser* had plunged it. Yet there is abundance of that private and personal narrative which is always so dear to unregenerate man and womankind. That Mr. Edward Bulwer flirted with Lady Caroline Lamb; that he was “cut out” by the handsome Mr. Russell; that by-and-bye he came to the conclusion that Lady Caroline’s attachments were as innocent as they were temporary; and that he visited Rosina Wheeler, the lady of his choice, at Brocket, Lady Caroline’s seat—such details are second in interest only to those about the Hertford Street and Walcott houses. We also learn how Mrs. E. Bulwer disliked babies, and was as averse as a New York fashionable wife to bringing them into the world, how she was reckless about money of which her husband, despite his lavish generosity, well knew the value, and how she neglected housekeeping on principle. No doubt a great deal of this is put in as in some sort an *apologia pro vita*. It is not our business to point morals; we merely have to call attention to the book, and to justify our assertion that it will interest both the public and the student of character.

With pious care “Owen Meredith” has given not merely the bare Life, but all that is implied in the fuller title; he has felt bound “not to reduce a single feature, nor suppress a single incident.” Hence we have, photographed before us, a very sad picture. The pet son of a mother whose mother had separated from her husband, and of a father whose Norfolk bluntness had led him to refuse pointblank the daughter and heiress of an Earl for no better reason than that “he wasn’t satisfied with the length of her ladyship’s nose,” Bulwer grew up as self-willed and passionate as he was versatile and highly gifted. Had he married the French girl of the House of Larochejaquelin, who was put in his way by the worthy Irish Jesuit Abbé Kinsela, all might have been well. Madame, belonging to a stock which had seen hardships, would have bent herself to that care of making both ends meet which the lady on whom his choice fell so singularly neglected. Brought up literally in the lap of luxury, Bulwer elected to maintain his old rate of expenditure after he had married without his mother’s consent, and had thereby lost the large allowance which, as a bachelor, he had from her. This involved slavery at the desk. His wife saw little of him, for he had not only to write his novels, but to work hard as a newspaper hack. Hard work made him irritable; as Miss Greene, a friend of his wife, says: “He was like a man that has been flayed, sore all over.” And a fine lady, who from a hard-working husband of this kind could

receive costly bracelets and silks and lace, and who on principle thought half-an-hour a day enough for household management, was not likely to heal these sores. Then there was the miserable want of harmony between his wife and the mother whom he so loved; and this state of things grew worse when the mother’s advances, tardily made, were coldly received.

Lord Lytton thinks that had his grandmother managed properly the marriage with Miss Wheeler would never have taken place; but (as he remarks) “a mother’s love is often as jealous as that of a mistress.” The biographer’s position is a peculiarly painful one; in carrying out his plan he has to chronicle his grandmother’s hardness, whereby her prophecy of evil was fulfilled, and also to point out that his mother should undoubtedly have released her lover from his promise, and have resolved not to marry him without his mother’s approval. To have done this would have been the surest way of securing that approval; but, however Miss Wheeler failed in magnanimity, if not in refined delicacy, one cannot but admire Bulwer’s chivalrousness. To marry her meant hard work and poverty of the most wearing kind—that which is combined with large expenditure; but she was friendless, and calumny had begun to fasten on one who was an intimate at Brocket; and the answer to such self-defeating calumny was the marriage.

Enough, too much, of this subject; so much, indeed, that we have no space for Bulwer’s early walking tours, for the Rosicrucian and geomantic dabbings, the friendship (so warm for a time) with Disraeli, for his habits as a student, or for his bitterness against Scotch *littérateurs*, shown in his introducing MacGrawler into “Paul Clifford” at the very time he was writing in the *Edinburgh*. Nor can we inquire whether his avoidance of literary coteries was due to contempt or shyness, or whether it would not have been better had he despised alike Thackeray’s caricaturing and Lockhart’s gross unfairness, instead of replying in the *New Monthly*. Of Bulwer as a politician, too, there is something to be said even in these earlier stages of his life. Of his Cambridge career, when the still young Union was forbidden to discuss anything later than the Reformation, Lord Lytton has recorded some interesting facts. Indeed, the volumes are worthy alike of their author and of the object with which they were put together.

METEOROLOGICAL RECORD OF 1883

THE first month and the last month of the year both had a temperature far above the average; and, on the other hand, the mean temperature of July was much below the average of July. The warmest day of the year in Scotland happened in the month of October, the only time on record that the thermometer marked above 70° in that month in Scotland. Yet in Aberdeen 72° was reached on October 7th, and 74° on the following day.

Dividing the year into periods of three months, we find that in the first quarter, from January to the close of March inclusive, the rainfall was very nearly an average, but it was unequally divided. In all the Eastern districts of our island it was slightly below the average, and in the Western it was above the mean; while in the South of Ireland one half more than the average fell for the quarter.

Temperature was a little below the average of the quarter in every district of the kingdom, except the midlands of England, where it attained exactly the average. The coldest month of the quarter was March, and the coldest day of the quarter, which was also the coldest day of the year, was the 10th of March. Readings as low as 8° above zero occurred in York on that morning.

On the other hand, the thermometer only fell once below the freezing point in the Shetland Islands in the month of January, and the total amount of frost at Sumburgh Head was one degree.

The thermometer fell below the freezing point at every station in Scotland and at almost every station in England each night between March 6th and 29th. Bitter north winds blew continuously in that month, and its mean temperature is the lowest of any March except two for the last century.

The second quarter of the year, April to June, had a rainfall very decidedly below the average. In the North-east and East of England and in the Midland Counties the average rainfall was slightly exceeded, and in the West of Scotland the precise average was reached. In all other districts the deficiency was considerable, especially in the East of Scotland, where the rainfall was the lowest ever recorded in the quarter.

Temperature for the quarter was slightly below the average, the only districts in which the deficiency exceeded one degree being the South-west of England and the South of Ireland.

The early part of April was warm and spring-like. The thermometer marked 70° at Cambridge on April 5th, but the latter part of the month was cold and cheerless, with dull leaden skies and bleak east winds. May was the driest month of the year. On the 6th of May the range of the thermometer in London was 38°, the greatest ever recorded; and on the 7th of May snow fell all over the country between the Midlands of England and the Cheviots.

The first part of June was warm and dry, but after a day of rain on the 15th it became cloudy and cool till the 28th, when a sudden wave of heat passed over England, and the thermometer rose in London to 84° on June 29th, the highest point of the quarter in England.

On June 6th another extraordinary range of the thermometer took place all over the kingdom, and at Leith the greatest cold of the month, 37°, took place on the morning of that day, and the greatest heat, 73°, in the course of the same day.

The third quarter of the year had a rainfall almost exactly the average, but the temperature was considerably below the average. It was in July that there occurred the greatest deficiency of summer heat, the whole month, with the exception of the first three days, being deficient both in heat and sunshine; and on the third week of July the thermometer did not touch 70° in any part of the kingdom.

August was our warmest month. The 12th of August was the wettest day of the year in Scotland and Ireland. The closing weeks of the month gave magnificent harvest weather to England.

A sudden and destructive storm came on the first day of September, and the month closed with two days of storm, one of which, the 29th, was the wettest day of the year in the East of England, but the rest of the month was fairly good autumn weather.

The last quarter of the year had a mean temperature very much above the average in every part of the kingdom, and the rainfall was very variable. In the North and West it was considerably above the average, in the East considerably below the average, and in the South about the mean.

An extraordinary wave of heat passed over Scotland at the beginning of October, and all throughout that month the oscillations of the thermometer were curious and inexplicable.

In November thunderstorms were far more frequent than they usually are at that time of the year. The display of Aurora Borealis, though scarcely equal to the magnificent spectacle of last year, was yet very splendid, and towards the close of the month the appearance presented by the sky before sunrise and sunset will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The temperature of December was higher than that of the month in any recent years. The range of the barometer was extreme. The softness and beauty of the sky in the last week of the year were wonderful, and the mildness of the season about Christmas was such as has been rarely known within our islands.

The last two days of the year brought a change which indicated the approach of colder weather with the beginning of the year.



I.

FIRST in the field, the *National Review* opens with Sir Stafford Northcote on “Conservative and Liberal Finance.” It will not be his fault if his party fails to convince the electors that the Conservatives did not spend more than the Liberals have done, but less; and this greater expenditure on the part of the Liberals is by no means covered by their predecessors’ debts. Sir Stafford hits the blot when he points out Mr. Gladstone’s unsatisfactory way of dealing with the Income Tax; but we call special attention to his remarks on Local Taxation. Five-sixths of this falls on the upper and middle classes, and on it the Liberals charge education, sanitation, and other charges. In this way John Bull is bamboozled, for this local budget does not come much under the eye of Parliament, and therefore the Chancellor of the Exchequer gets wrongly praised for doing a great deal at small cost to the tax-payers.—Mr. C. T. Buckland would forbid the cultivation of Indian hemp, from which ganjah, worse than opium, is prepared. Certainly it is far better to lose a revenue, which does not exceed 150,000£, on a plant which directly causes lunacy and outrage than to throw away a larger sum by admitting some kind of Manchester goods duty-free.—Mr. Curtis’s “Facts about Redistribution” show that cooking the constituencies seems to be the only hope of the Radicals, and that we must take care lest by disfranchising our old historic towns we leave ourselves a prey to the carpet-bagger.—Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has a delightful paper on “Fallow Deeds at Home.”—Lord Lamington meets “Political Pessimism” with the determination to see everything through rose-coloured glasses. He has boundless faith in “the latent good qualities of the people,” and he points out how unreal a great deal of our Pessimism is; those who despair of the House of Lords, and decry it as useless, would cry “Thank God we have a House of Lords” if there was the least chance of their ever getting into it.—Mr. Gourlay thinks the Dissent and Radicalism of Wales due to “the ecclesiastical policy of the Whigs in the eighteenth century.”—Mr. Mallock has an admirable article, full of his incisive sentences, on “Conservatism and Socialism.” Conservatism means, first and foremost, the material well-being of the people; and that is what the rank and file of Socialists and Radicals long for. Mr. Morley’s “small handfuls of resolute and convinced men,” i.e., the Radical wire-pullers, are “not set on social improvement in the interest of all, but on Constitutional revolution in the interest of a particular class.” Moral: Be forbearing to the Radical enthusiast, to the earnest Socialist; show him what you and he have in common, and you’ll win him over, to the confusion of the wire-puller.—Of course there is something on Ireland. Mr. J. T. C. Humphreys points out from the Orange standpoint that a Parliament on College Green would cause just the friction which the Separationists want. He is sure that the *Saturday Review* is quite wrong in thinking that Ulster would “vote solid” with the Tories, and in rather vague terms he appeals to “the firmness and determination of Englishmen to make that new departure without which Ireland will be lost.” He agrees, we presume, with Sir Lepel Griffin. Mr. Harris talks of the development of industries as “an untried remedy for Irish grievances.” It is being largely tried. Irish textile industries especially have taken a great start. It remains for the Irish in England and their friends to help the movement. Let the New York servant-maids learn that to buy a petticoat of Irish flannel, or a costume of the beautiful serge made at Navan, at Blarney, at half-a-dozen other places, is infinitely more patriotic than handing over their savings to Rossa’s “Skirmishers.” Mr. Harris shows the great leap which Wurtemburg has made, thanks to technical education. He gives deservedly high praise to Artane, and to Miss Yeates’s work at Carraroe.

In the *North American Review* the *pros* and *cons* of polygamy are set forth in two papers, one by the President of the Mormon Church, the other by the Governor of Utah Territory.—Mr. Gail Hamilton concludes his “Day of Judgment,” raining on Carlyle fire and brimstone, storm and tempest, &c., till, though we are not at all partial to Mr. Froude’s hero, we are tempted to cry “Hold, enough.” Strange to be told of the Chelsea prophet that “generally Satan desired to have him, and he had him.”—Dr. Rylance finds it “very refreshing to observe how much more lightly theological systems weigh on us than they did,” and calls for a readjustment which shall bring them nearer to the Gospel standard. The danger is that, if men’s thoughts are “left to play freely round the great facts of Revelation,” they’ll come to think it’s all play and no fact.—In “Alcohol in Politics” Senator H. W. Blair discusses State Liquor Laws.—Mr. Self’s “Evils Incident to Immigration” should be studied by those who look on emigration as the panacea for Ireland. When they read that “the depressing influences of homesickness, overwork, and underfeeding—conditions almost always present with the immigrant”—are creating insanity at a terrible rate, they may perhaps doubt if the sole motive of priests and “patriots” in trying to stop the tide is a selfish one. Mr. Self points out, in a calm convincing way, the evils which follow the break-up of family life, and the difficulty of apprenticing children in a strange land, the liability to deception, &c. The Roman Catholic Bishops of St. Paul and Peoria have done wonders; but if poor immigrants are to be thronged in as they have done, Mr. Self hints that the State will have to do something in the same direction.

Temple Bar has the knack of saying unpleasant things about Ireland. “The Heiress of Glenmahowley,” not at all a bad story, is spoiled by its only bit of local colour—“his large flat feet and uncouth gait gave him a sort of plantigrade appearance.” This (of an Irish innkeeper) is about as true as the late Professor Kingsley’s “hypogorillaceous Celts,” in that “Roman and Teuton” which was the *reductio ad absurdum* of Cambridge History Lectures.—The writer of “What Shall I Drink?” is fairly puzzled. Typhoid fever drove him from water, and when he had settled to tea a Church dignitary and the *Medical Times* told him there is death in the tea-pot. He thinks he’ll go back to good pure beer. When he finds it the world will be thankful to know where to apply.—Who has been telling of “Sir Northcott’s Eton days?” Here is the whole story put down in the most edifying detail. His admirers will be glad to learn that Sir Stafford got into “stick-ups” before he was fourteen.

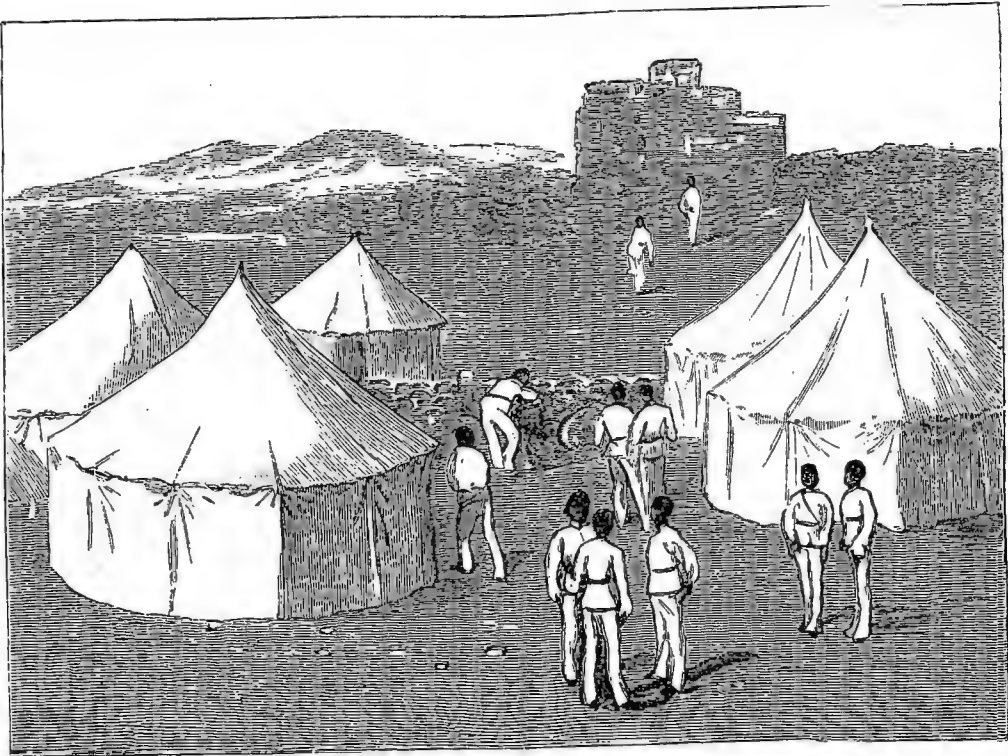
In the *Cornhill* the author of “Vice Versâ” trails yet further “The Giant’s Kope.” The nightmare tale entitled “J. Habakuk Jephson’s Statement” might well lead O’Donovan Rossa to employ Quadroons instead of Irishmen. Mr. Goring, a Quadroon avenger of the blacks, is as skilful as he is unscrupulous, which is more than can be said of the Irish dynamitards. “Earthquake Weather” is a strange mixture of scientific facts and execrable jokes. Shade of Thackeray! What can be the state of mind of a writer who says, “The barges on the Godalming Canal were only prevented by considerations of historical propriety from thinking the behaviour of their water during the Lisbon earthquake was due to a steam launch”? The poor fellow must have heard “Old Guy Fawkes” sung so often that he had it on the brain. Far away the best thing in the number is “A Butterfly and a Bookworm.” The Rev. Pritchard Ogle was a daring man, considering how Miss Kitty Fisher had behaved, but it has often been found that such high-mettled girls make the best and most dutiful of wives.

In the *Gentleman’s* Mr. Cecil Power’s “Philistia” illustrates

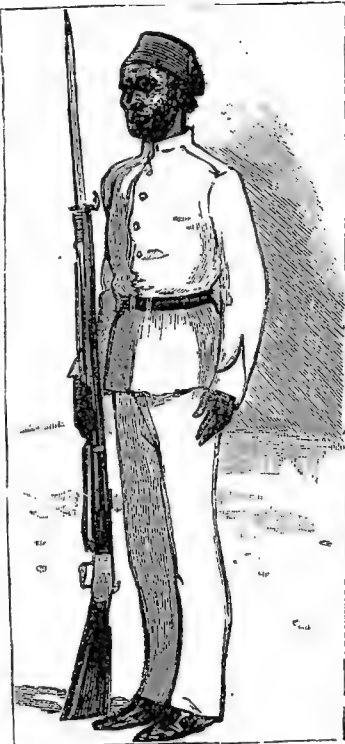
* The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton (Kegan Paul and Co.).



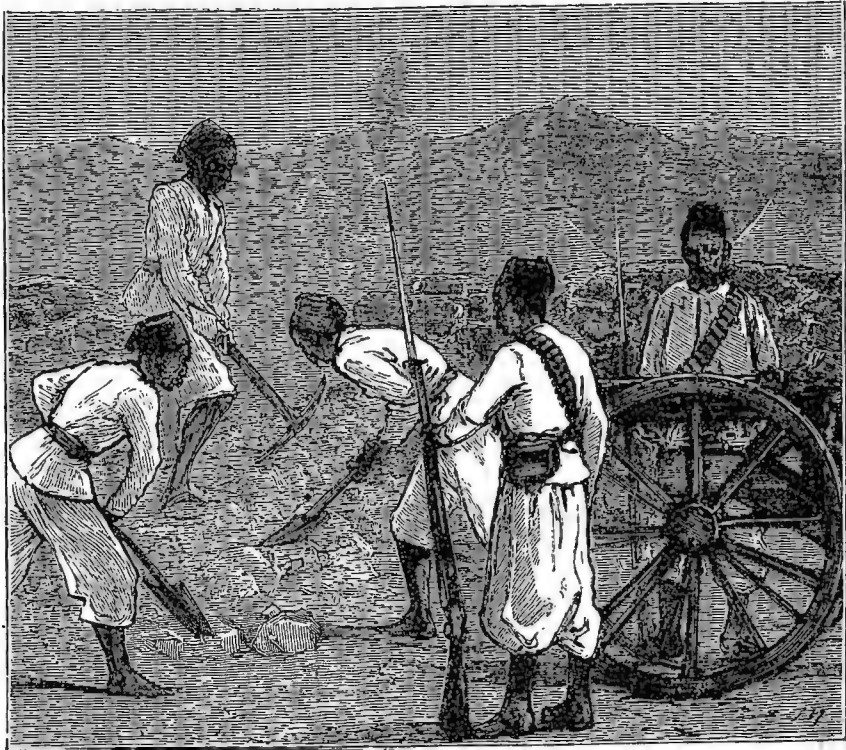
A REBEL FOLLOWER OF THE MAHDI



A SAD SIGHT—THE LAST ENCAMPMENT OCCUPIED BY SEVEN HUNDRED SOUDANESE BEFORE THEY WERE ANNIHILATED



A SOUDANESE OR LOYAL BLACK SOLDIER



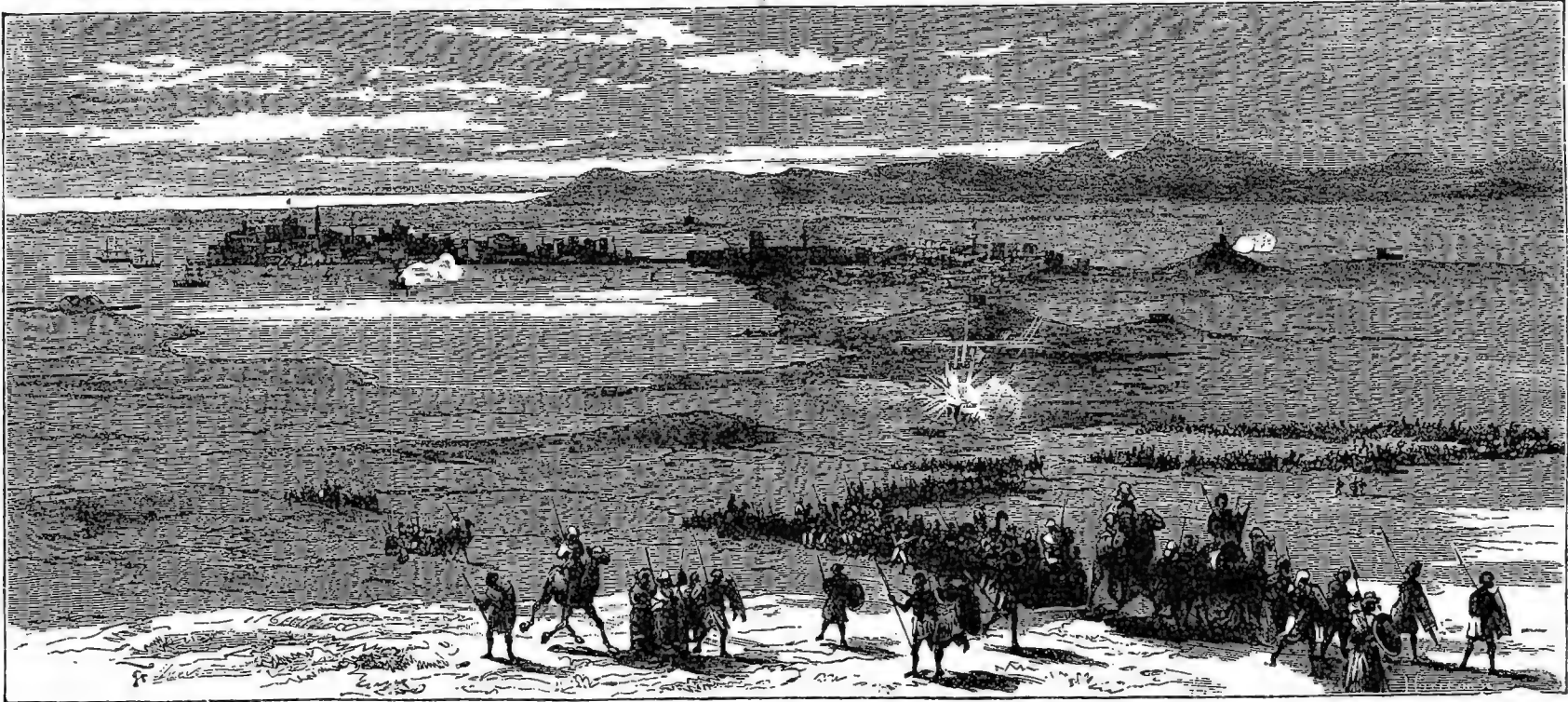
THE DEFENCE OF SUAKIM—OPENING AN EMBRASURE FOR A GATLING



GAOL PRISONERS, GUARDED BY BASHI-BAZOUKS, THROWING UP ENTRENCHMENTS ROUND SUAKIM

Red Sea Italian, French, and Turkish Men-of-War Island of Suakim

Small Forts



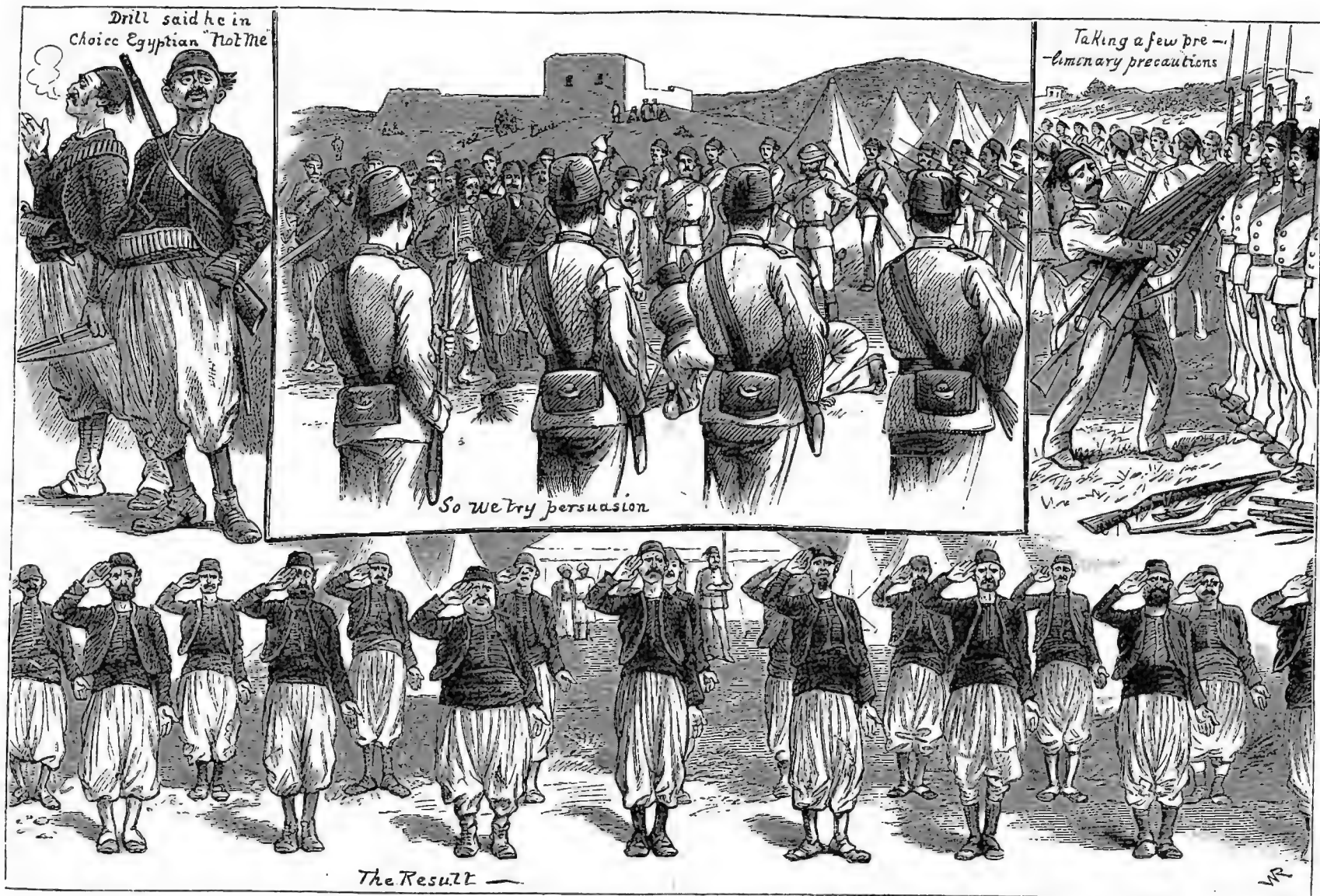
English War Vessel in Action

Rebels in Retreat

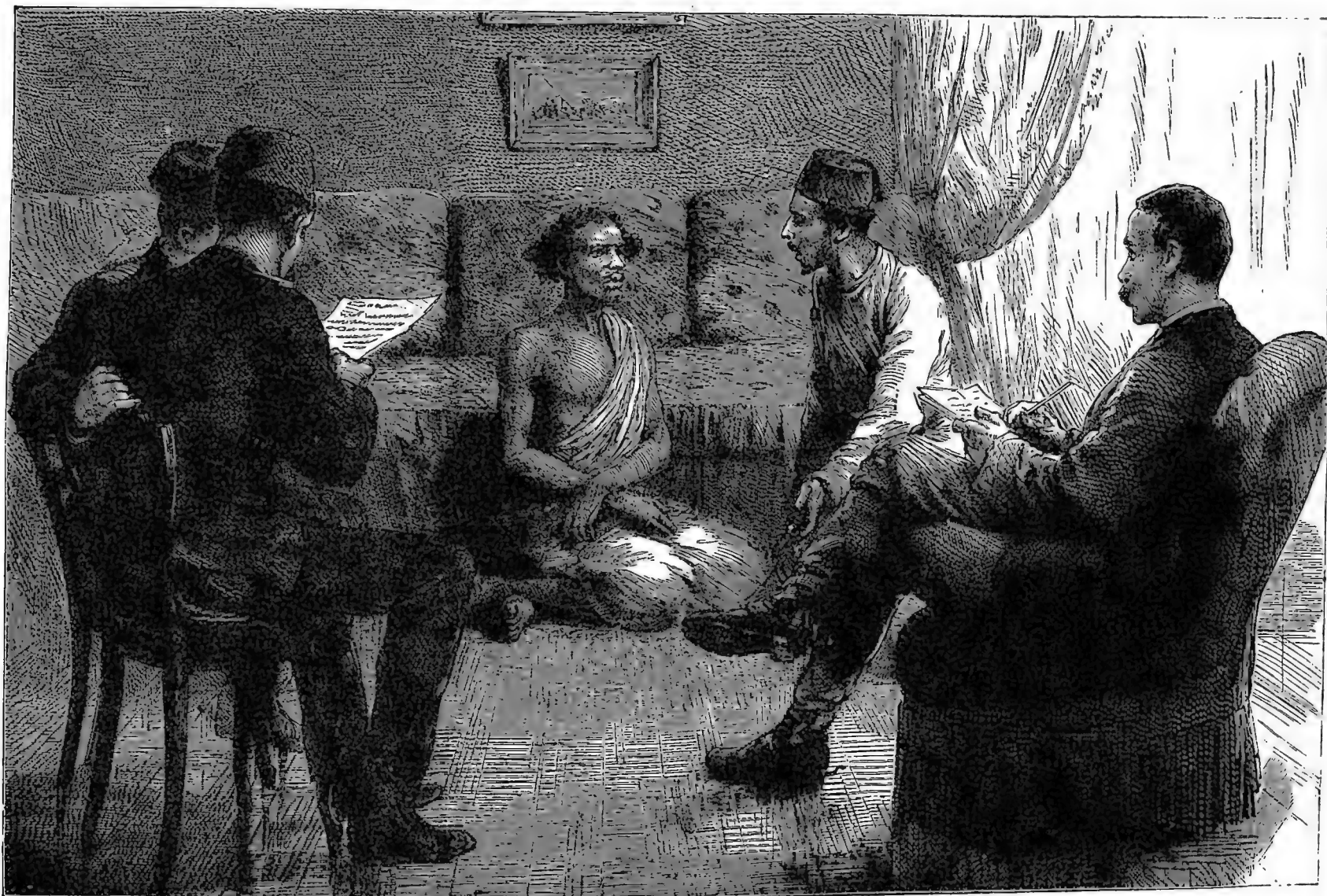
AN ENGLISH WAR-VESSEL FIRING FROM THE PORT OF SUAKIM UPON THE REBELS THREATENING THE TOWN

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE GENDARMERIE AND AN OFFICIAL RECENTLY ENGAGED IN SUPPRESSING THE SLAVE TRADE



THE TROUBLES OF BRITISH OFFICERS IN EGYPT



THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN
FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE GENDARMÉRIE

Mr. Mallock's view of Socialism and Conservatism. We like the sketches of Max Schultz and his neophytes; but surely no brother, even though he was a college don and mathematical tutor and son of a small grocer in a South Hants village, could talk to his sister as Mr. Oscar does. Mr. Grant Allen is, as usual, delightful in his "Garden Snail." Mr. Proctor in "Dream Space" shows how great was Mr. Cayley's mistake in talking four and more dimensions to the British Associates. Mrs. Lynn Linton's first instalment of "History in Little" treats of Biela, a Piedmontese town called "the Manchester of Italy," but very little known to the English, who have enough of that kind of thing at home. We are glad that Mrs. Linton is satisfied that the founding of Biela by Tarquinius Priscus is a myth. Presumably the local guide-book told her otherwise. She is not quite right in asserting that that *circa* 945 A.D. men and women were bought and sold like grain or wool. But, if we except "Joshua Davidson," Mrs. Linton's *role* has not hitherto been history. In "Table Talk" Sylvanus Urban regrets that at a gathering of literary men Don Quixote was pronounced "the greatest gentleman in fiction," Colonel Newcome coming only second. We join in his regret.

In *Belgravia* begins (and begins well) Mrs. Cashel Hoey's "The Lover's Creed." Wilkie Collins' novelette, "She Loves and Lies," is excellent. "The Tourist of the Guide-Book" shows that even some amusement may be got out of the much-abused local "guides." "The Wearing of the Green" promises well.



THE TURF.—The Manchester jumping meeting has gone off pretty well, but calls for no special remarks, though it may be noted that the American horse, Passaic, a very uncertain animal, won a race over hurdles.—There has been a considerable fluttering in the dovetails of trainers, jockeys, and others, at the action of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, as officially notified in the Calendar, in refusing to renew the license of Charles Archer to train horses on Newmarket Heath. Being an aristocratic body, the Jockey Club is not bound to give reasons for its action, but it may be taken for granted that the in-and-out running of Lord Ellesmere's horses, trained by him, was deemed to be of more than a suspicious character. It may be remembered that at last Goodwood Sir John Astley demanded an investigation into the running of Lowland Chief, which was granted, but resulted in nothing. The application of T. Brown is "reserved for further consideration." Of course the action of the Jockey Club is condemned in certain quarters as high-handed, and even unjust; but all who have the interest of the Turf at heart are rejoiced at the prospect opened of a genuine attempt to rectify abuses. It is an open secret that confederacies of jockeys, bookmakers, and trainers exist, the result of which is systematic robbing of owners and of the public, who back horses on the strength of their performances; and thus there is a disease preying upon the very vitals of the sport. Much scandal has also been attached to the heavy betting of some jockeys, and of their running horses in other names than their own. The Stewards of the Club have now given notice that licenses will be refused to such jockeys. Leave to own horses, however, may on special application be given to jockeys who are also trainers, if the animals are trained in their own stables—a most reasonable provision, without which such men as Cannon and Osborne would doubtless give up riding, which would be a great loss to the Turf.—Something approaching consternation has run through Turf circles at the positive announcement that Lord Falmouth is about to relinquish both racing and breeding. The present is a crisis in the national sport when such a patron can ill be spared.—Mr. Radmall has paid up all the winnings of his animal, Brillancy, and it is said that his case will be reconsidered by the Turf authorities.

COURSING.—The public meetings of this week have not given us any trials which seem to throw light on the Waterloo Cup, for which Mr. Osborne's nomination still ranks as first favourite, but only very slightly in advance of those of Messrs. Stone, Miller, Lea, and Vines.

FOOTBALL.—The Association Cup Contest is gradually contracting itself, several important matches having recently been played, in which Brentwood has beaten Romford; Queen's Park (Glasgow), Oswestry; Wednesday Town, Derby Midland; and Aston Villa, Wednesday Old Athletics. Notts County, Staveley, Wednesday, Ware, Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, Blackburn Olympic, Preston North End, Bolton Wanderers, Queen's Park, Glasgow, Northwich Victoria, Brentwood, Old Westminster, Upton Park, Old Foresters, Swifts, and Old Wykehamists will all be drawn in one lot for the fourth round.—At the Oval Dumbarton had but little to spare in beating the Old Carthusians; and Southern players have generally a right to consider themselves quite equal to the Northerners.—At the Old Trent Bridge Ground, the old Association rivals, Notts County and Nottingham Forest, drew a large number of spectators, and after a good game the County team was victorious.—The Fettesian-Lorettonians (should any club be allowed to inflict on the public such a sesquipedalian title?) have beaten Manchester in a Rugby game; and in an Association match at Brighton Surrey has worsted Sussex.

HUNTING.—The Empress of Austria has ordered her stables at Combermere Abbey to be given up, as she has been forbidden hunting, at least for some time, by her physicians. She is now going to devote her attention particularly to literary work, in which she is likely to shine as brilliantly as in the field. These latter days furnish us with many examples of sportsmen and sportswomen being as devoted to literary pursuits.

PEDESTRIANISM.—By this time Weston has done nearly 2,000 out of his 5,000 miles' walk of fifty miles *per diem*. For many days he has confined his work to the Aston Rink, Birmingham; but will probably soon be tramping the country, of which he ought to be, by the time his journey is ended, a pretty learned topographer.—The Six Days' (twelve hours a day) Go-as-you-Please Contest at Sheffield resulted in the victory of George Littlewood, of Sheffield, who has thus won the Astley Belt twice in succession. He did 365 miles 1,291 yards in the time; and Day, of Birmingham, was second, with 342 miles 230 yards.—A Six Days' (ten hours a day) Walking Match at Cardiff has been won by the well-known ped, J. Hibberd, of London, who was credited with over 294 miles; second honours falling to Thomas, of Eastbourne, who was only three miles behind the winner.

SHOOTING.—The introduction of our game-birds into districts hitherto without them is as important, and often more practical, than the acclimatisation of new species among us. An attempt is now being made, or rather several proprietors are anxious to make an attempt, to settle grouse in the Shetland Isles. The great difficulty seems to be the swarms of vermin with which the Islands abound, and particularly of ravens, against whom war to the knife must be proclaimed if grouse are to flourish.

LACROSSE.—Manchester seems to be one of the chief centres of this pastime, and has some capital players, but the Rovers of the great cotton capital have met with a severe defeat at the hands of

Heaton Mersey.—Sale and Ashton (Cheshire) have beaten Rusholme.

CRICKET.—Those who remember Mr. George Alexander, who was here with the Australian cricketers on their second visit, and accompanied the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team through the greater part of their Australian tour, will be glad to hear that he has been appointed "Manager" to the Antipodean party who are about to come to us. The business arrangements connected with such visits are often of a most difficult and delicate nature, requiring much tact and temper to carry them through satisfactorily.

ANGLING.—Winter fishermen seem to be having a pretty good time of it, the open and dry weather being all in their favour. Good reports are at hand from the Thames, the Trent, and many other rivers.—The records of the past season's salmon fishing are unusually satisfactory. The Tweed maintains its superiority among waters, and the autumnal fishing on it has been even better than it was on the two previous seasons. On the Upper Floors Water 192 fish were taken in October and November alone; and 19 were captured in one day on the Lower Water. Mr. Alfred Denison, the owner of the most famous piscatorial library in the world, has during the Tweed season landed 88 salmon and grilse, the largest "bank" on one day being 10 fish. Mr. Denison has probably caught more salmon than any living angler.

"THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND"*

If anything can add to the interest of this book, it will be the circumstances under which the final portion was written. Struggling with weakness, the result of the illness which gradually dragged him to a premature death, Mr. Green toiled on at his work; and when he could himself no longer write "a line with his own hand," he was forced, for the first time, to learn how to dictate, he had not even strength himself to mark the corrections on the printer's proofs, and these, too, were dictated by him; while the references for the volume were drawn up as books were carried, one by one, to his bedside, and the notes from them entered by his directions." Thus writes the widow of the historian in the preface. To her finally fell the task of preparing the work, in its incomplete state, for publication.

"The Conquest of England" is perhaps a somewhat misleading title. The volume, as it stands, is a history of the long struggle between the English and the Scandinavians, who, first in isolated "Viking" bands, then in larger expeditions, and finally in the great invasion of Swein, entered this country, and so seriously modified the ethnology of England. The international relations of Britain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Normandy are placed in a clear light, and the chaotic movements of that time, are rendered as intelligible to the reader as lucid statement can make them. Mr. Green's narrative of the formation of the Danelaw, and of the forces that operated to make Watling Street its south-western boundary, is singularly interesting. The peculiar position occupied by Cnut in English history, and the many traits of genius and nobility in his character, are well brought out. Mr. Green does full justice also to the ability of Earl Godwine as an administrator and a statesman, who in the astuteness of his diplomacy proved himself more than a match for the Norman Court. The author also reminds us that Harold's position in our national history must not be judged by the all-too-brief reign, with its tragic close, but by thirteen years' successful conduct of the nation's affairs, for during the latter portion of the life of Edward the Confessor Harold's influence was supreme in the realm. His almost unanimous election to the kingship is a proof of the extent of that influence, and, remarkable enough, when we remember that the rise of Godwine dates only from the outset of the reign of Cnut, and that Harold's father was, in his origin, but a thegn of West Saxon blood, whose parentage and rank are utterly unknown.

Moreover, Mr. Green has embodied in his narrative a great deal that is instructive; touching the growth of our older English cities. How bustling a place Chester was, even so long ago as the days of Cnut, may be judged from the following quotation:—"Among the piles of cheeses, of bannocks, and barley-bread, and the crates of fish, its sturdy burghers pushed their way through a motley crowd, in which the trader from the Danish towns of Ireland strove in his northern tongue to draw buyers to his gang of slaves, whilst the Welsh Kerne, wrapped in his blanket, who had driven across the bridges the small and wiry cattle from his native hills, chattered as he might with the hardly less wild Cumbrian from the lands beyond the Ribble." Not only has Mr. Green dealt with the origin of our towns, but he performs some of the functions of the Constitutional historian in his description of the growth from very humble beginnings of many departments of our State system. His work is especially entitled to a place on the bookshelves of those interested in history, for a reason already hinted at, that it sets in a more or less clear light the many migrations of the Scandinavian peoples in the ninth and tenth centuries, and places plainly before us the inner causes of the events that led up to the Norman Conquest. It is much to be regretted that the historical literature of England should too soon have been deprived of one so fitted to adorn it.



THREE IMPORTANT MEASURES which were passed last Session, the Bankruptcy Act, the Agricultural Holdings Act, and the Patents Act, came into operation on New Year's Day. By four o'clock it was found that 266 applications for patents had been recorded, being far the largest number ever received on the same day. To secure priority, one zealous applicant stationed himself at the door of the Patent Office soon after midnight.

ONE of the provisions of the New Bankruptcy Act, it is noticeable, may seriously affect the relations between small tradesmen and those members of the working and lower middle classes to whom they have been in the habit of giving credit. Formerly a debtor could be sued in a County Court by any one creditor, and be compelled to pay in instalments according to his means. Henceforth, if he owes altogether less than 50*l.*, he may file a petition in bankruptcy which will free him from immediate legal process, and any order of a County Court for payment of instalments must be made for the benefit of his creditors collectively. The debtor's effects, to the value of 20*l.*, are in all cases to be protected from seizure. The result of this legislation will probably be a considerable curtailment of the credit hitherto given by a certain class of tradesmen to a certain class of customers.

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF NEWARK having inquired why a townsman engaged in the liquor trade had not been placed on the Board of Magistrates, the Lord Chancellor replied that it is an invariable rule with him not in such cases to appoint to the Bench.

IN AN INTERVIEW with his sister, who came from the United States to visit him in prison, Dr. Thomas Gallagher protested his entire innocence of the charge of complicity with the London and Birmingham dynamite conspiracies, on which he was sentenced to

* "The Conquest of England." By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. With Portrait and Maps. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.)

penal servitude for life. He asserted that he had been made a tool of by a brother.

THE dead body of a young man, Mr. John Broom Tower, employed in an underwriter's office, has been found in the New River Reservoir at Stoke Newington, and as it bore traces of a violent struggle, and a diamond ring he was in the habit of wearing was missing, there is little doubt that he has been foully murdered. Sad to say, when murdered he was returning home, early on New Year's morning, from a Watch Night service.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.—We have received two admirable engravings from Mr. Arthur Tooth. One, executed by Mr. Joseph B. Pratt, reproduces Mr. Thomas Blinks' spirited picture entitled "Here They Come!" and represents with great truth and vigour a pack of hounds in full cry jumping and scrambling over a paling—a plate which must delight the heart of every hunting man. The second, by Mr. Samuel E. Cousins, is of Mr. J. E. Millais's charming picture, "Pomona," which was recently exhibited in Mr. Arthur Tooth's Gallery. The grace and delicacy which characterised the original—one of the prettiest girl figures which Mr. Millais has produced—has been carefully preserved in the engraving. The "Art Union of London" send us their presentation plate, which has been engraved by Mr. C. W. Sharpe from the picture by Mr. Alfred Elmore, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1860, and representing Marie Antoinette insulted by the crowd of *Sansculottes* in the Tuileries, on the 20th June, 1792. The picture has been well engraved, and the various characteristics of the revolutionary mob have been powerfully brought out. We have also received an engraving by Mr. Richard Josey of the painting by Mr. Burton Barber, entitled "The Order of the Bath." It is published by the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, and faithfully reproduces the work of the artist.

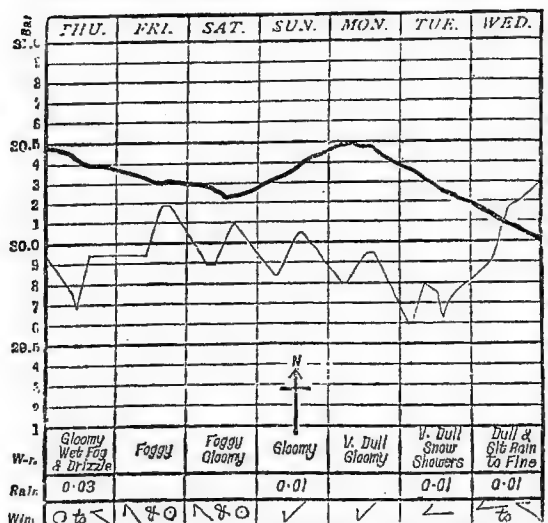
Messrs. Virtue and Co. have forwarded us two handsome proofs of the plates which appear in the January number of the *Art Journal*—"Dante and Beatrice," etched by C. O. Murray, after Henry Holliday, and Mr. Millais's "Princes in the Tower," engraved by Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN JOURNALISTS.—Messrs. Root and Tinker, of New York, have published a lithographic plate of twelve of the leading journalists of New York, Chicago, Boston, Hartford, Louisville, and Philadelphia. Each editor's countenance peers out of a facsimile of his own broad sheet. Thurlow Wood, who was once a king among the old school of newspaper pressmen, occupies the post of honour in the centre.

WAR MAPS OF THE SOUDAN AND OF TONKIN.—Messrs. Bacon have sent us a mounted edition of the war map of Egypt, the Soudan, and Abyssinia, which we recently noticed, and which is a handy reference for those interested in the events now occurring in Central Africa. Messrs. Letts, Son, and Co. have also published a good map of Egypt, the Soudan, and the Red Sea, in a convenient cover. Messrs. Wyld have published a most carefully prepared large-scale map of the Soudan, showing the countries between Suakim and Darfur, extending from the confines of the Nubian Desert to Gondar, and depicting the towns, villages, wells, roads, and telegraph lines, mountains, rivers, and water-courses. It contains also an auxiliary map of Egypt, showing the whole course of the Nile, the Red Sea from Suez to Aden, with enlarged plans of Khartoum and Suakim. Messrs. Wyld also forward a well-compiled map of Tonkin, showing Annam and the frontiers of China and Cochin China. Plans are annexed of Hué and Hanoi, as well as an auxiliary map of the adjoining countries. The names are exceedingly distinct. The same may be said of a map which Mr. Edward Stanford forwards us of South-Eastern Asia from Peking to Singapore. It includes Tonkin, Cochin China, and the British possessions of Burmah, the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, Labuan, and British North Borneo, with an enlarged plan of the environs of Hanoi on the Red River.

A GRAND INTERNATIONAL PEASANT FESTIVAL, AND SKATING, MUSICAL, AND DRAMATIC FÊTE, will take place at the Albert Hall on February 14, 15, and 16, in aid of the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, and Epilepsy, as, since the institution was opened by the Princess of Wales in 1878, the demand for space has greatly exceeded the accommodation, and an enlargement of the building is much needed.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM DEC. 27, 1883, TO JAN. 2, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this week has been very gloomy and sunless, the latter remark applying with equal truth to all our eastern and south-eastern stations, as well as to many others. Wet mists and fogs have again been prevalent, and while south-easterly breezes blew at first, north-easterly airs were experienced during the latter part of the time. An area of high pressure, in which readings have twice equalled 30.50 inches, has existed throughout the entire period. During Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (27th, 28th, and 29th ult.) the barometer seemed disposed to fall, and while temperature remained at about the normal, south-easterly airs and calms, with wet fogs and gloomy weather, prevailed generally. In the course of Sunday and Monday (30th and 31st ult.) some recovery in pressure took place, while readings in the neighbourhood of London continued to be very uniform. No change from the gloomy aspect of the sky, however, occurred, but by Monday morning (31st ult.) the wet fogs had quite disappeared. During the last two days the mercury fell slowly, and a return of fog occurred, but lacking the wet nature of the previous ones, and more dull, cheerless weather was experienced. The barometer was highest (30.50 inches) on Thursday (27th ult.) and Monday (31st ult.); lowest (30.0 inches) on Wednesday (29th ult.); range, 0.50 inch. Temperature was highest (44°) on Friday (28th ult.); lowest (32°) on Tuesday (27th ult.); range, 12°. Rain fell on four days. Total fall, 0.06 inches. Greatest fall on any day, 0.03 inches, on Thursday (27th ult.).



RURAL NOTES

THE YEAR 1883 has not been a favourable one to English agriculturists, but the fault must rather rest with economic than with meteorological causes. The cereal crops have not been under an average yield, but the extreme depression of value has rendered the growing unremunerative. From another position, too, Nature has favoured stock-keepers, but the refusal of the Government to prohibit infectious importations has carried cattle disease into every county, and filled the farmsteads of England with half a million sick beasts. The orchards have yielded well of apples, but American imported fruit has undersold English produce. Cows have been in good milking condition, but we have not managed to dispense with Brittany butter or with American cheese. The foreigner has been allowed to buy up many of our best horses and our finest Herefords, and we have to console ourselves with a few more lambs and with some three hundred thousand more pigs. The feeding of stock has been less costly than usual, owing to the cheapness of barley, oats, and linseed cake, but straw and litter has been dear. The price of meat has kept high, and the Fisheries Exhibition has failed to cheapen Lenten fare.

ENGLISH WHEAT IMPORTS are steadily increasing. There is a regular increase in the population, of course, and as no increased production occurs at home, increased imports are necessary. The increase, however, is far in excess of the increase of population. Thus from 1863 to 1867 the annual average import of breadstuffs was 29,725,366 cwt., while from 1868 to 1872 it was 40,883,482 cwt. From 1873 to 1877 the mean was no less than 53,543,088 cwt., while from 1878 to 1882 the quantity was 67,935,642 cwt. More recently we have been importing at the rate of a million hundredweight of wheat and a quarter of a million hundredweight of flour every week.

STORING TURNIPS has been occupying the attention of Scotch farmers very largely. The roots have not yet been all lifted, but the frosts, even in the Highlands, have not been sufficiently severe to rot them, so storing has gone on at farmers' convenience, fitting in well with other work. The dependence of Scotch farmers on their turnip crop is very great; but this year, fortunately, cattle have gathered sustenance in the fields later than usual, and so the shortness of the turnip crop is less serious than usual. Often in a bad turnip year, and when the winter has begun early, there is difficulty in keeping stock in byre for sheer lack of stall food.

"DEEP FURROWS" as a principle in arable farming is one that cannot be adopted without much modification. In the first place, What are deep furrows? Is six inches enough, as Sir John Lawes practises, or should we aim at twelve inches, as Mr. Mechi preached? The fertility of the soil is in a great measure proportioned to the depth and quantity of the substance to which the roots of the plants have access, yet it is found in practice that deeper ploughing seldom gives any immense yield, except where accompanied by manure, in which case, however, the yield is very good. Small holdings, spade-cultivated, would not yield good crops unless the husbandman could apply manure, which is equivalent to saying unless the peasant farmer is also a bit of a capitalist. In the tillage of the soil about one hundred tons of earth per acre are moved for every inch of depth, and making allowance for the weight of the bearing the

cost of cultivation increases in a higher ratio than the depth. It has yet to be proved that the increased yield of crops increases in such a ratio as to render it remunerative. Still, more plants will grow in deep soil than in shallow, because a plant with a large root-development spreads itself abroad, and if the soil be shallow will do so laterally instead of vertically, to the destruction of weaker neighbours.

SHEEP in the northern hill country are wintering splendidly. They came off the hills in only mediocre condition, but as they were fresh and healthy they have improved since going into winter quarters. Braxy has been rather prevalent, but the ranks are tolerably entire and the animals bulky. A full lambing season is expected in all parts. As regards price, fat sheep command a ready sale at slightly under autumn prices. The Scotch farmers who in 1883 have depended upon their sheep and their hardy cattle have the advantage of those who have grown corn, and growers of potatoes find prices so low as to minimise the profits of a good yield.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Within the last few days a land-rail has been shot at Brockley Park, in Ireland. This bird is one of those migrants whose rearward never seems quite to evacuate the country.—Little auks and other marine birds have recently been found a long way inland. It is therefore probable that very severe weather has prevailed in the Northern Ocean.—A robin's nest was found on Christmas Day at East Leake, Nottingham. There were six eggs in it, but the bird had abandoned sitting on them, as they were quite cold.—A rose was cut from a standard tree in the open garden, Harlow Manor, Harrowgate, on Christmas Eve.

GRAIN in the north is not threshing out well, wheat often yielding only twenty bushels to the acre where thirty were expected, and barley varying extremely in quality, the secondary sorts predominating. Oats, although large in bulk, have very thick skins this year, and so the actual meal takes far more grain than usual, and the real yield is accordingly diminished. In East Anglia wheat threshings are showing curious differences. One farmer writes us from Wisbech, in the Fens, that his wheat has thrashed out eleven coombs to the acre as an average; another, writing from Reepham, in central Norfolk, complains that he has obtained only seventy coombs off eleven acres.

LARGE AND SMALL ROOTS.—Recent experiments in feeding cattle for the production of milk or for meat, have shown small roots to be better food than large roots, both being of equal weight. The advantages, however, are slight, and the experiments lead to the common-sense conclusions that well-grown medium-sized swedes or mangel are the best of all for cattle; they have less waste than small roots, and less water than large ones.

BERRIES.—Now is the time for gathering berries. It may be made the object of more than one pleasant country walk at a time when the landscape is comparatively without interest. The Mountain and the common ash, the holly and the hawthorn, easily catch the eye with their bright berries. Berries when gathered should be mixed with light sandy soil and fitted in a convenient place, where they can be turned over in the early spring, when if the weather be nice and open, or as soon as it becomes so, they may be sown in rich, well-preserved nursery ground. The plants will not appear above ground for the second year, so that a light crop of cabbage or other plants may be raised on the surface the first summer without injuring the tree seeds. Pine cones also should now be picked up and kept over the winter in a dry place.

RHODODENDRONS are worthy favourites of the gardener, but a journal devoted to arboriculture does well to call attention to certain dangers of over-planting. We quite agree with the writer that the rhododendron's peculiar position is in the middle distance, and it is not well to plant it close to the eye, under the windows of sitting-

rooms, or along terrace-walks. "Do not plant your rhododendrons where more delicate shrubs must be placed if they are to be appreciated, but hang them thickly on that sunny hillside up to the very crest, and fill that dell, into which you look down from the frail foot-bridge or solitary wood-walk high above, with rich masses, and then you will know how to enjoy your rhododendrons as you never did before."

CHRISTMAS IN THE BROMPTON CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL was made as joyful an occasion as possible. In addition to a large Christmas tree, which was provided for the inmates by the kindness of two ladies, the patients' creature comforts were also cared for in the shape of turkeys, pheasants, oranges, grapes, wine, &c., by several good friends to the institution. To those who would gladly give help where help is much needed, it may be said that in the two fine buildings at Brompton there are 331 beds; and that to keep up this large establishment, which is always full, the Committee have, with a small exception, no resources save what the public supply from day to day. The new building, with 137 additional beds, has, it appears, so much increased the expenditure, that stock has had largely to be sold, and the Hospital is sadly wanting funds.

DINNERS FOR POOR BOARD SCHOOL CHILDREN.—An association formed for feeding the poorest children in the London Board Schools has been in successful operation during the past year. Over 100 children are provided with a substantial dinner at Omega Hall, Omega Place, Alpha Road, Lisson Grove, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at 12.45. Two other tables have been started—one at Saffron Hill, Holborn, the other in the neighbourhood of the Strand, and it is intended immediately to open a fourth at Shadwell. The need of the children received to these dinners, in most instances reported by the teachers, is always confirmed by home investigation. A large proportion are fatherless, the remainder have fathers out of work, ill, or disabled. Every information regarding the working of the scheme will be gladly afforded by Mrs. Pennington, Hon. Sec., 52, Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, N.W. Funds are earnestly solicited to extend and maintain the movement. Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, H. E. Allen, Esq., 44, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

TWO INTERESTING RELICS OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR are stated to have been found on Mount Lebanon by the Assistant-French Consul at Beyrout—two inscriptions cut on the rock in the Wady-Brissa. The inscriptions face each other on the right and left of the path running through the hollow of the valley, and while one is written in archaic text, the other is in cursive cuneiform characters. Unfortunately both are terribly mutilated, the worst damage having been done, according to the Arabs, by a Moghrabi, who cut through the rock hoping to find a treasure. Still, M. Pognan has managed to make out that both relate to Nebuchadnezzar, beginning with his titles, "Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, the Illustrious Pastor, the Servant of Merodach, the Great Lord, his Creator, and of Nebo, his illustrious son, whom his Royalty loves." Neither appears to be historical, but the chief contents relate to domestic details, such as the list of wines served at the table of the God Merodach, and accounts of the buildings being constructed at Babylon. From this latter point M. Pognan believes that the inscriptions mark the site of a timber-yard, whence trees were sent to the capital. Each is surmounted by a *bas-relief*—one represents a man in a queer mitre-shaped cap adorning a tree, the other shows a figure wearing an Assyrian tiara seizing an animal standing erect on its hind legs—probably a lion; while, from the inscription, the image of a divinity originally occupied the background. Squeezes of the inscriptions have been taken, and will shortly be published.

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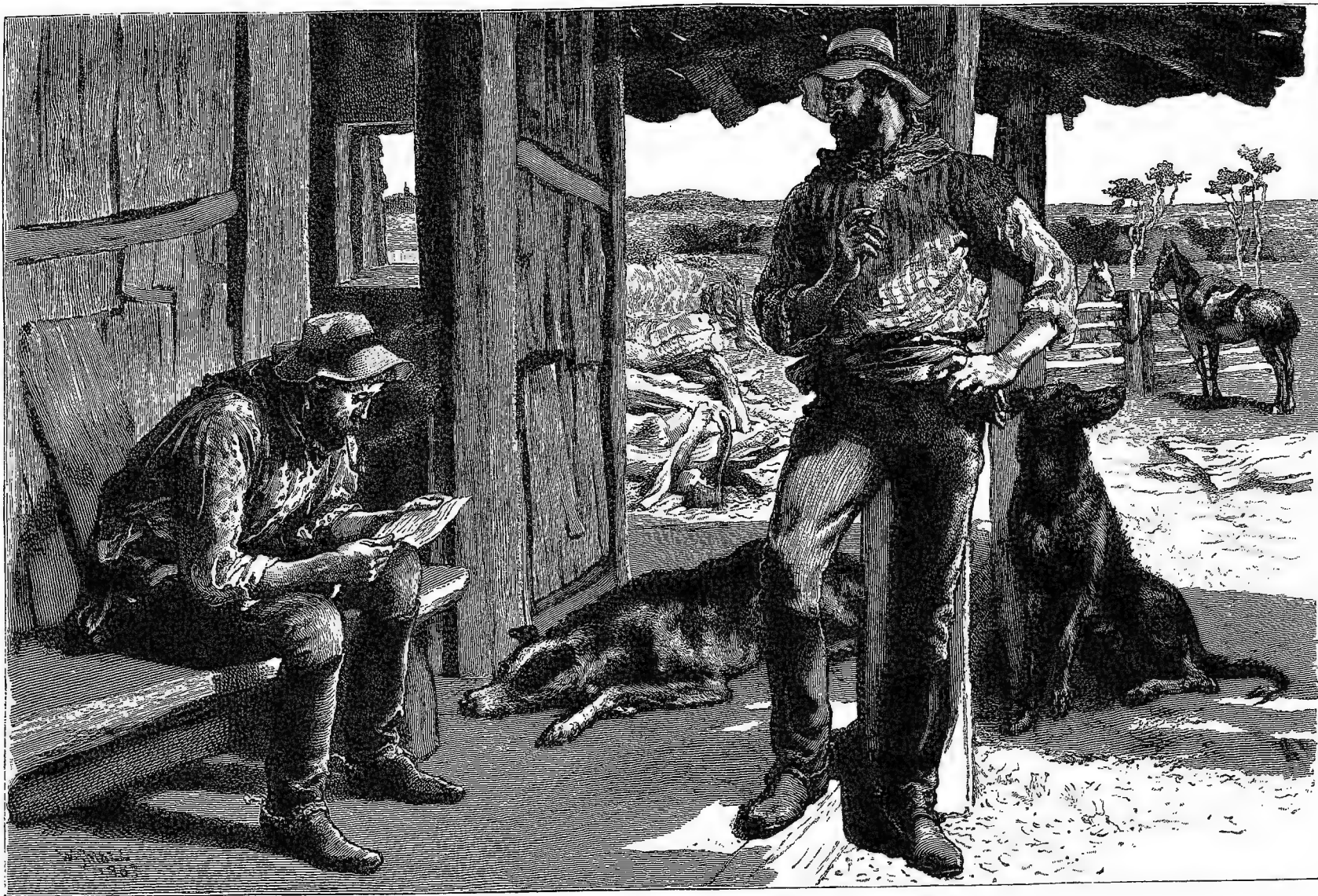
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George always allowed me to read Maud's letters.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &C.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I CHANGE THE SCENE

GREAT misfortunes are like mortal wounds in that they seldom cause much suffering at first, and for some time after the destruction of all my hopes I managed to preserve an outward equanimity which was certainly not the result of any exceptional strength of mind. I stayed out my month at Thirlby; I potted about the place with my uncle, as of old; I initiated Jimmy into the rudiments of field sports, and listened patiently to the religious disquisitions of Mrs. Farquhar, who had now once more taken me into favour. But I had not been long in London again before the blackness of despair settled down upon me. I found myself without any object in life, with nothing whatever to look forward to, and—as I rather ungratefully imagined—without a single friend. Having few acquaintances in town at that season of the year, and being a great deal alone, I took to brooding over my troubles, and began soon to put to myself some of those pleasant questions to which no answer has ever been discovered, or ever will be until the whole business comes to an end.

Most of us, I suppose, have passed through some such dark periods, and most of us have come out of them with a more or less cheerful acquiescence in the mystery of life, and a conviction that it is, upon the whole, wiser to struggle for existence than to try and find out what existence is, or why it should be struggled for. Unfortunately, the labours of a Foreign Office clerk are hardly severe enough in themselves to exclude "obstinate questionings." I don't mean to say that my speculations were very abstruse, or that I consulted any authorities, philosophical or theological, with a view to gaining more light (though, to be sure, I might have done so and got but scant comfort for my pains); but I reached the point of persuading myself that I had neither hope nor belief, neither duties nor pleasures, in the world; and when a man gets as far as that, ugly conclusions are apt to stare him in the face. My uncle, who knew of the disappointment that I had had, and who must have guessed at my condition of mind from my letters, very wisely and kindly left me alone. No doubt I should have rejected any consolation that he could have offered me; but I well remember how often I accused him in my thoughts of having accepted Jimmy as a wholly efficient substitute for me, and how in this I found an additional argument in favour of cutting short a life which was of no use either to its owner or to anybody else.

It is easy to look back with a smile now upon all this crude temerity; yet it may be remembered that within the space of a few weeks I had been virtually banished from my home, deceived by my friend, and laughed to scorn both by the woman whom I loved and by her whose good opinion I still greatly prized; and perhaps charitable persons may be disposed to excuse a young fellow who, under such sad circumstances, fancied that the world was a poor place to live in.

I did not, however, attempt to cut my throat or to drown myself in the Thames, nor did I enlist, as I had occasional wild thoughts

of doing when the news of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman came successively to brighten the gloom of the winter days. Such remedies were too heroic for one in my state of nerveless despondency, and it is probable that I should have remained where I was from sheer lack of energy to move elsewhere, had not a friendly letter reached me one morning from the other side of the world. George Warren wrote in good spirits, and made only indirect allusions to the cause of his exile. He had already succeeded beyond his anticipations he said; he liked the life, and, although he did not see his way to realising immediate wealth, he considered the prospect fair and sure, and only regretted that he had so limited an amount of capital to work upon. "If anything should occur to disgust you with an effete civilisation," he concluded, "you could not do better than come out here and join me. I wish you would! The interior of New South Wales hasn't much to boast of in the way of society, it is true; but I could promise you plenty of occupation and some novel experiences."

George can have little suspected, when he penned these careless words, in what sober earnest they would be accepted by the person to whom they were addressed. Occupation and novelty!—were not these the things of which I stood in need? And why, since I was so weary of my present existence, should I not make a fresh start and begin a new life in a new world? I jumped at the idea. I wrote to my uncle, telling him of the step which I meditated, and received (somewhat to my surprise, I own) a cordial approval of it from him by return of post. It only remained for me to let George know that he might expect me, to retire from the service which I had done so little to adorn, and to purchase such an outfit as my future avocations appeared to require.

These and other preliminaries occupied a good deal of time, and in the carrying out of them my spirits insensibly rose. When the date fixed for my departure drew near, my uncle came up to London to give me, as he said, the benefit of his advice upon the subject of sheep-farming, but in reality, I think, that we might have a few undisturbed days together before we parted. In those few days the cloud which had recently come between us—and which had been of my raising, not his—was finally dispelled. I knew then that his love for me had never diminished, and that there were no troubles of mine which his kind heart did not share. I saw too—though he never said so—that my going away was a sore trial to the dear old man; but I am afraid it did not occur to me that I might be doing rather a selfish thing in leaving him.

My wish was to embark without paying a farewell visit to Thirlby; but this my uncle would not hear of. "Miss Dennison is away from home," he said, divining the cause of my reluctance; "but the Rector would like to say goodbye to you, and so would Bunce—not to speak of my mother and Jimmy. You must be prepared to receive a round scolding from Bunce, who will not be convinced that New South Wales is anything but a penal settlement, and that New South Wales is anything but a stigma upon the family."

However, when the time came, Bunce did not scold me, but only

shook his head and looked utterly woebegone, and couldn't get out a word. And Bunce was not the only old friend whose face made my heart ache that day. I don't know how many kind people came to shake me by the hand, and wish me God speed. If I had had some hard thoughts while I had been alone in London, they were all gone now, and it was only by dint of the most obstinate and unnatural sprightliness that I was able to avoid publicly disgracing myself. My uncle came to the station with me alone, and at the last moment he put his head in at the carriage window, saying, with a break in his voice, "Charley, my boy, you'll come back and see me once before I die, won't you?"

I couldn't answer him, but I nodded; and then the train moved on, and his poor wistful face was lost to me. After all, it is not such an easy matter to say good-bye.

I don't think it was before we were well out to sea and the grey headland of the Lizard was fast fading into mist that I admitted to myself the loss of one last vague shred of hope. "She had only to say a word," I thought sadly, "and I would have given up everything. But if she couldn't say it, I suppose it was better that she should stay away."

CHAPTER XL.

HOME AGAIN

LET not patient readers fear that at this advanced stage of the proceedings they are going to be introduced to sheep-washing and gold-washing, bushrangers, damper, and blue-gums, or asked to follow the chase of the bounding kangaroo. The endurance of the patient readers shall not be taxed much further; and, indeed, I have found by experience that there are many persons who do not take an intelligent interest in any of the above subjects. I shall probably give more satisfaction by dismissing three years in a few sentences as may be, and hastening towards the point at which all curiosity with regard to my career may be supposed to subside.

Those three years were years of tolerably constant physical labour, of some occasional excitement, and of fair prosperity. Circumstances did not compel me to face the hardships which most of those who seek their fortune at the Antipodes must be prepared to encounter; yet my experiences were not smooth. They taught me, as they could hardly fail to do, some salutary lessons; and if I returned to my native land, like the oft-quoted Bourbons, having forgotten nothing, I hope I may say that I did not resemble them in having learnt nothing.

George Warren received me with as hearty a welcome as I could have desired, but, after listening to my story, did not disguise his conviction that I should be taking my passage home again before the twelvemonth was out. He obstinately refused to believe that Maud's rejection of me was intended to be final, and when I declared that he did not know what he was talking about, reminded me that he had at least understood my feelings upon a former occasion better than I had done myself, and that, having been right in my case, there was a slight presumption in favour of his being right as to hers. Nevertheless, he was compelled, in the sequel, to

modify his opinion, and to confess that both Miss Dennison and I were more steadfast than he had imagined us. Maud corresponded with him pretty regularly. Letters from her reached our station every now and again—letters which George always allowed me to read, and which, long and kindly as they were, gave no ground for supposing that the writer regretted what she had done. I well recollect how, as time went on, the sight of an envelope addressed in her handwriting used to make my heart sink, and how I used to exclaim, "Now it has come! She is writing to tell you that she is engaged to some fellow."

"Well—I don't know, I'm sure," George would reply, opening and perusing his letter in that exasperatingly deliberate manner of his, while I ground my teeth with impatience; and then, having fully mastered its contents, he would hand it over to me, remarking, with a smile, "Not this time."

He himself seemed to have put entirely away from him the day-dreams in which he had once made bold to indulge, and was disinclined to refer to them. On being pressed, he said,—Well, he didn't think he should ever fall in love with anybody else; but falling in love was not the only thing that made life worth having. George always took a very moderate view of the share of happiness that was due to him. He was laying by money now, and sending home periodical supplies to replenish the family exchequer. Probably he thought that he was fulfilling his destiny more satisfactorily in this way than by achieving less prosaic successes; and, for aught I know, he may have been right.

As for me, I was without such sources of self-approval; and so, when three long years had passed away, and my uncle had been urging me to pay him a visit, lest (as he said) I should "put it off too long," I considered myself fairly entitled to turn away my thoughts from wool for a time. I returned to England with no intention of remaining there (for I had become attached to the free Australian life—perhaps also a little to the prospect of growing rich); but it was not only to see my dear old man again that I undertook the voyage. Three years of constancy must surely count for something, I thought; and she was still unmarried—well, we should see. If the worst came to the worst, I had always an occupation to fall back upon and a friend to smoke a pipe with when the day's work was done. One must not be too exacting.

I had been unable to let my uncle know the precise date on which he might expect me, and I did not think it necessary to send him a telegram on my arrival; the consequence of which was that when I alighted at Thirlby Station I found no sort of vehicle in waiting. For that, however, I was prepared. I told the station-master, who had recognised me with a broad grin, to send my luggage up in a cart, and set out to walk home.

When I reached the bridge over the dike that connects Thirlby Broad with Horsey Mere I came to a halt, and remained for a long time leaning over the parapet, and staring at the expanse of still water with that foolish surprise at finding the face of Nature unaltered which one so frequently experiences at such times. I was wondering whether Maud was at the Rectory, and where I should first meet her, when, all of a sudden, I saw her emerge with slow steps from the belt of trees where she and I had often walked together in the old days. She sauntered along the bank, unconscious of being observed, pausing every now and then to kick a stone into the water, while I watched her eagerly. At last, when she had advanced to within a few yards of me, I could keep silence no longer, and, in a voice which trembled a little, despite all my efforts at self-control, I said: "How do you do, Miss Dennison?"

"Charley!" she exclaimed. And the next moment I was holding both her hands, and looking into the most beautiful eyes in the world, which met mine with a glad light of welcome shining in them.

"And are you glad to see me back?" I asked, after we had exchanged the usual hurried questions and replies. It was rather a silly thing to say; but in sophisticated states of society a man can seldom express his thoughts freely.

"Of course I am glad; everybody will be glad," answered Maud. "And I suppose, perhaps, you yourself are not sorry to be at home again; though Mr. Le Marchant says you don't mean to stay long. And now tell me all about Australia."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell," I said. "I'll give you a full account of it some other time, if you wish; but just at present it is your part to tell me about home. First of all, how is my uncle?"

"Perfectly well, I am glad to say, only rather excited about your return. I have just been to see him, and, of course, we talked about nothing but you. Don't you think you ought to go to him at once, Charley?"

"Yes; I will in a minute—or five minutes, perhaps. So you have just been with the old man?"

"Yes; we have become great allies, I must tell you. I have seen a good deal more of him since Mrs. Farquhar's death, and I don't wonder now at your always having been so enthusiastic about him."

"I am very glad you are friends," said I. "Poor old Mrs. Farquhar! I suppose nobody can regret her very much."

"I don't know," said Maud. "Mr. Le Marchant did, I think. She softened down a great deal after—after all that trouble, you know, and latterly I grew almost fond of her myself; though I can't say that I ever understood her."

"And Jimmy?" I asked.

"Jimmy is flourishing. He is at Eton now, you know. In the holidays he sometimes condescends to ride with me, and take me out fishing. He is a little like what you used to be; only—"

"Only not so nice?" I suggested.

"Well, that is a matter of opinion," answered Maud. "Some people might say that he was nicer. He is certainly cleverer."

"But George Warren always maintained that I had great undeveloped talents," I observed.

Then we spoke a little of George and other friends, and by-and-by Maud asked me whether I still kept up my acquaintance with Lady Constance Sotheran; to which I replied that I had not so much as heard her name since the day when I had bidden her farewell in Yorkshire.

"Yet she has become rather notorious," Maud remarked.

"Very likely," answered I; "but her notoriety has not penetrated to the Southern Hemisphere. In what way does it display itself?"

"In all sorts of ways. She entertains on a large scale, of course; but, besides that, she heads endless charities and takes up out-of-the-way abuses, which she generally contrives to get reformed. It seems that she has the power of making everybody follow her lead, and I believe she does a great deal of good. Last spring I saw her several times in London. She looked very much bored, I thought; but she always did look that, did she not?"

"And what about her husband?"

"Oh, I should think he was supremely contented; at any rate he ought to be. They say he refused to join the last Ministry because she would not allow him to accept anything less than a seat in the Cabinet. You narrowly escaped having greatness thrust upon you, you see."

I made no reply, and we walked on for some distance in silence. Whether the direction which our steps took was determined by the conscious or unconscious will of either of us I cannot say; but certain it is that we found ourselves eventually upon the brink of that reedy creek which had already been the scene of two memorable interviews between us. For my part, I recognised at the same moment the fact and the impossibility of avoiding some allusion to it. It looked as though Fate had guided me thither; yet I shrank from risking everything upon the very first day of my return. That

day at least, I thought, should be unclouded; nay, would it not be far better that all clouds should be averted up to the last moment, and that I should reserve to myself the power of supplementing my failure by a speedy retreat? For doubtless it was more likely than not that I should fail. Moreover, I felt sure that if Maud had had any present thought of relenting, she would not have suffered herself to be led to this especial spot.

Therefore I only said: "So the old punt is gone at last."

"Not quite gone," answered Maud. "If you bend down, you will see its sides sticking up out of the mud under water. It sank one day last winter, to my great regret, and I was only a little consoled by remembering that I had had the luck not to be sitting in it at the time. Bunce absolutely refused to fish it up for me again. He said he was blessed if he'd help me to get the rheumatics by sitting in such plaguy damp places; so since then I have had to make the best of a willow-stump."

"Then you do come here sometimes?" said I interrogatively.

"Very often," she answered. "I am fond of the place. It reminds me of the days of my youth."

I laughed at the implication that the days of her youth were over; but she rejoined gravely: "I am five-and-twenty, and I feel two-and-fifty. Lives like mine have nothing youthful about them. All my friends are old people, and all my pursuits now are very much what they will be twenty or thirty years hence, if I live so long."

"And you are contented with such a life?"

"Who is altogether contented?" she returned. "Not even Mr. Sotheran, perhaps, if one could probe the secret recesses of his heart. My life suits me well enough. I have grown rather fond of parish work, which I used to hate, and all the people in the village allow me to tyrannise over them now. Even Mrs. Bunce admits that I don't mean any harm, though I can't persuade her to come out of Ebenezer. Every now and then I have a dinner-party at the Welbys' or a ball on the other side of the county by way of dissipation, and once or twice a year I go to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Saville, for a time. And so the days go on. They are not bad days, taking them all in all."

"But the old days were better," I suggested.

"Yes," she answered with a slight hesitation; and then, more briskly—"yes; the old days were better, no doubt. That is why I like to be reminded of my youth."

It was easy to foresee the inevitable issue of such a dialogue as this. I felt so certain that I should not be able to maintain the reserve which I had imposed upon myself that I suddenly determined to throw myself upon my companion's mercy, lest a worse thing should befall me. "Maud," I began hurriedly, "I have something to say to you; only please don't answer me. Will you promise to give me no answer yet?"

She replied composedly, "Certainly, if you wish it. But why am I not to be allowed to speak?"

"Because it would spoil everything," I returned. "Because I am going away again soon; because I want to enjoy these few weeks—who knows whether we shall ever have such another quiet time together?—and because I want you and my uncle to enjoy them too. All that would be impossible if I knew at the very outset that you could never care for me. When I went away you told me that I was changeable, and I couldn't contradict you then; but I don't think you can accuse me of being changeable any more. Unhappily, my having loved you so long is no reason for your being able to love me; though perhaps it might entitle me to ask for a short period of probation. It is not a very unreasonable request to make, considering how much I must gain or lose by your decision. I want you, if you will, to grant me this small privilege, and I will engage, on my part, not to mention the subject again until quite the end of the time. I didn't mean to mention it now; only I found it impossible to hold my tongue."

"May I not say one word?" asked Maud.

"No!—no!" I exclaimed vehemently, holding up my hand to stop her; "you mustn't breathe a syllable—you mustn't even give me a look! Don't you see that the slightest sign can only mean yes or no?"

I was, nevertheless, inconsistent enough to interrogate her face anxiously; but I gained little by this incipient breach of contract. Her expression was quite inscrutable, and I had to content myself with the negative encouragement that it did not seem to indicate displeasure. Perhaps, if it indicated anything at all, it was rather a faint degree of amusement than any other emotion.

"Very well," she said at length; "but this makes conversation a little difficult. What are we to talk about now? Suppose you take this opportunity of giving me some of your colonial experiences."

She had apparently forgotten that nearly half-an-hour before she had urged me to lose no time in seeking out my uncle; but I, for the first time in my life, was anxious to leave her. Her composure did not strike me as a good omen, nor did I feel capable at that moment of doing justice to the attractions of Australian life and scenery. However, to show that I intended to observe my engagement, I did my best to carry out her wishes in a cheerful spirit, and she declared that my rather halting and disconnected descriptions interested her greatly. She had seated herself upon the willow-stump already alluded to while I was speaking, and after she had asked a great many questions, which I answered to the best of my ability, she rose, saying:—

"Now it is high time for us to depart to our respective homes. Do you know, Charley, I think I should rather like to see Australia."

"Should you?" returned I, absently. "I don't suppose you ever will."

"No, not unless—"

Here she paused for a moment; and then, a sudden smile breaking out upon her lips and in her eyes, she added: "unless you will take me back with you."

Readers of proper feeling will, I trust, appreciate the above row of asterisks. There are occasions upon which all discreet persons instinctively turn their discreet backs, and I shall certainly not narrate in detail what took place immediately after the astonishing speech just recorded had been uttered. I may mention, however, that Maud now avers that she loved me before I ever thought of loving her, and that up to this present time of writing I have never been able to convince her that I was not once very deeply in love with Lady Constance Milner.

I think my uncle was almost as delighted as I was when he heard my good news; though his delight, as was natural, expressed itself more soberly. I was glad that Jimmy was away at school, and that we two were able to have that long happy evening alone together. I look upon it now with a great tenderness and regret and gratitude. I hear again the sound of the kind, gentle voice that has been so long silent; I recall the quick sympathy, the self-forgetfulness, the generosity which made my old man father and friend to me, and I ask myself how I can ever have had the folly and temerity to be a pessimist. The average excellence of humanity is not increased because one insignificant unit has been fortunate enough to spend the greater part of his life with good people; but the judgment of that fortunate unit must perforce be affected thereby; and if, at this time of day, I am inclined to think too well of my fellow-creatures, I can but apologise respectfully for the weakness.

Before we went to bed that night, my uncle said he had a wedding-present for Miss Maud which he might as well hand over into my care; and then, unlocking the safe which stood in a corner of his study, he took out an old leather-covered box, the aspect of which was familiar to me.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed; "how did you get hold of my mother's diamonds?"

"By right of purchase," answered my uncle, smiling. "Jacobson was scandalised at the idea of your parting with family jewels—indeed, I am not at all sure that he didn't suspect you of stealing them—and he very properly wrote off post-haste to tell me what had occurred, and to ask whether I had any wishes in the matter."

"And you bought them back! Why didn't you tell me? Oh, surely," I exclaimed, a sudden light breaking in upon me, "that was not why you sold Deepham Farm?"

"Well, you see, I had not 2,500*l.* by me," replied my uncle, "and it seemed a pity that the jewels should be lost. But you need not distress yourself about the land. Jimmy will never miss it, and Sir Digby not only gave me more than it was worth, but was so pleased with his bargain that he has not ceased chuckling over it yet."

"But Lady Constance—I mean I got back the 2,500*l.*," said I; "and I might have bought the diamonds again myself; only somehow I thought I should never want them."

"Ah, I was more provident," remarked my uncle. "It seemed to me to be within the bounds of possibility that you might some day have a wife; so I prepared myself for that emergency. And now I want you to find out whether Maud likes the old-fashioned settings, or whether she would prefer to have the stones rearranged."

I was beginning to thank him; but he would not allow me to do that, saying that his present was to my bride, not to me, and that, in his opinion, I should always be his creditor.

He never alluded again to the fact that I was no longer heir to Thirlby; but he tried in many ways to make up to me—not for an injustice: it was not that, or it would never have been committed by him—but for what some might consider a stroke of ill-fortune. By how much I was his debtor, instead of his creditor, no one except myself, perhaps, can rightly judge. During the last few months that I was with him I may have expressed a part of the gratitude that I felt, and I know that I often said more than he wished me to say; but alas! of the gratitude which expresses itself in actions, not in words, I fear I was less profuse. I had set my heart upon returning to Australia; I dreaded the inactive life of home; I may even, without acknowledging it to myself, have dreaded a little the prospect of seeing another man grow up to the inheritance which was once to have been mine. And though the Rector urged me strongly to settle down in Norfolk among my own belongings, I turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and my uncle would not say a word to second them.

As for Maud, she inaugurated then a system from which she has never since departed, and which she never fails to condemn when she sees it in operation elsewhere. I very much doubt whether she had any desire at all to see New South Wales; but I am afraid that even now, if I were to tell her that I had a fancy for ending my days in Greenland, she would set about buying furs and laying in stores of tallow with an air of cheerful anticipation.

So when the time came, she and I embarked together, telling those whom we were leaving, and whom we never saw again, that we should certainly return ere long.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE WIND UP

My wife and I went out to Australia for two or three years, and have returned at last after an absence of a quarter of a century. The pursuit of wealth, some vicissitudes of fortune, family cares, and finally the severance of all home ties, combined to detain us in the land of our adoption until we were able to leave it for good.

My uncle fell asleep in his arm-chair in the library one evening, and never woke again. When morning came, and they found him lying back there with a smile upon his face, he had been dead some hours. And in the same year the Rector followed his old friend scarcely less suddenly and peacefully. This last sad news reached us just as we were making preparations for a visit to Europe, and caused us to abandon our intention. My wife, who had been growing restless and anxious to see her father again, did not care to undertake the voyage after the chief object of it had been removed; and if her loss cost her many hours of unhappiness, she was careful to conceal them from me, lest I should reproach myself more than I had already done, and to dry her eyes whenever she thought that I was looking at her.

Untouched with any shade of years
May those kind eyes for ever dwell;

may the light of faith, of hope, of charity that is in them remain undimmed until they close at last!

My partnership with George Warren was dissolved almost immediately after I rejoined him. I don't know whether he found it more difficult than he had expected to live in close proximity to Maud; but I can hardly believe that his anxiety to try his fortune in Victoria was prompted solely by that greed for gold to which he himself ascribed it. Be that as it may, he departed for the younger colony, and we did not see him again until he returned to sheep-farming in New South Wales, bringing with him a wife whose many admirable qualities must have enabled him to look back without regret upon the disappointments of former years. George made money somewhat more rapidly than I did, and has now been for a long time settled at Hailsham in the enjoyment of a comfortable income, the bliss of paternity, and a mind conscious of rectitude.

I am told that Lady Constance Sotheran is seldom seen in London society nowadays. Some years ago, when a certain celebrated patriot visited England, she took him under her especial protection, giving balls in his honour, at which he appeared in a remarkable costume, and driving him about the streets in her carriage to the admiration of the British public. But this, so far as I am aware, is the sole instance on record of her reverting to those sympathies for which she was once so famous; and as the patriot in question was an honoured and pensioned patriot, with whom Kings and Princes were accustomed to shake hands, such a temporary lapse from the path of sober respectability was, perhaps, not objected to by Lady Constance's husband. Mr. Sotheran is now old, feeble, and partly paralysed. He filled the office of President of the Board of Trade in a short-lived Administration; since which time he has been heard of no more in political life. His wife is said to nurse him in his declining years with exemplary solicitude.

And here, to finish up with, is a cutting from an East Norfolk paper:—"We understand that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between James Le Marchant, of Thirlby Hall, Esq., J.P., and Maud, only daughter of Mr. Charles Maxwell, whose large fortune, realised in Australia, will, it is to be supposed, eventually pass to the bride-elect. Some of our readers may remember that Mr. Maxwell's own boyhood was spent in the interesting old edifice which is to be his daughter's future home."

Ah, yes! "some of our readers"; but not many of them. In five-and-twenty years on a *le temps d'oublier*; and with such a very handsome, clever, and dashing personage as James Le Marchant, Esq., J.P., to represent the present, the few surviving contemporaries of Mr. Maxwell's boyhood are not likely to trouble their heads about the past. Jimmy assures me that he is the happiest man in England; and really I don't know why he shouldn't be. Both his parents died long ago—so long ago that I doubt whether he ever saw them again after that melancholy morning which witnessed their departure from Thirlby. He has never mentioned them to me; nor have I cared to introduce the subject.

The other day, knowing that he was safe in London with my wife and daughter, I went down on the sly to have an undisturbed look at the "interesting old edifice" which he inhabits, and to visit the church where all that was mortal of my dear old uncle lies. His memory has passed away, as the memory of most of us will soon pass, and there is no one left now to discuss his eccentricities, his strange love of solitude, his supposed vacillations, his misfortunes, and the wise or unwise way in which he dealt with them. A monument above the spot where his body rests displays a conventional eulogium to such as care to read it; but I think the inscription he would have liked best, and which would describe him with the simplest truth, is that which a certain great and modest man once chose for himself:—"Here lies one who tried to do his duty."

THE END.



For many seasons past it has been our practice to devote the greater part of our fashion article for this, the youngest month of the year, to the juvenile members of fashionable society, for whom the leading amusements of the period are planned and carried out; we see no reason to depart from this time-honoured custom.

We recently went to see a large collection of dresses for a juvenile fancy ball, and have selected a few for description. By the way, the barbarous custom of killing and stuffing real cats, birds, &c., has given place to imitations of these creatures in fur, plush, and satin, some of which so closely imitate the original as almost to deceive the practised eye, and have this advantage, that the pained expression, which the most skillful manipulator cannot efface from the countenance of the poor animal that has been drowned or poisoned, is not visible in the fur or plush model. "Fairy Queen" was to wear a series of net skirts, with an overdress and veil of spangled tulle, a silver flagree coronet, and a silver-tipped wand. "Undine," a series of skirts of green tulle, shading from dark to pale, trimmed with coral, shells, water-lilies, and weeds. "Poppy," a pretty and becoming dress for a dark-haired child of about nine years old, was made with ballet skirts of pale straw-coloured tulle trimmed with wreaths of poppies and silver grass. "Monte Carlo" was one of the most striking and stylish in this unique collection. On the skirt and low red satin bodice was a drapery of black lace, with looped ends at the back, on which were sewn, here and there, small playing cards; round the edge of the skirt was a pleated red satin flounce, with cards fastening down the pleats at regular intervals; on the puffed lace *berthe* and sleeves were dice and loops of red satin ribbon; a bunch of cards stood upright on the left shoulder, a croupier's rake in the hand. There was a great variety of costumes to represent flowers of all descriptions, and particularly suitable for little maidens between the ages of four and eight; for example, "Blue Bell," a short blue skirt cut in vandykes, made of silk or saten, a yellow bodice, a quaint little cap, like an inverted bell, with a green stalk; blue shoes and stockings. "Violet" was dressed in violet and silver gauze, and green frosted leaves and flowers. In all cases a basket of flowers was carried in the hand. Some of the floral costumes were made of tulle, satin, or cashmere, embroidered in wild flowers or fruit blossoms, and trimmed to match. "The Four Seasons" were prettily represented for sisters. "Spring" wore green and white tulle trimmed with daisies, primroses, crocuses, and violets, a veil and wreath to correspond. The flowers were arranged round the skirt in a lattice work, the tunic edged with grass fringe. There were some more elaborate and striking representations of the same subject in this as in other costumes; we have chosen the most simple for description, as the others require skilled hands to make them, and are liable to fail when attempted by amateurs. "Summer" was made in pink *lisse* gauze trimmed with seasonable flowers, more especially roses, a tulle veil with butterflies, large and small, scattered over it, a handsome butterfly on wires fastened the veil in front. "Autumn" was very charmingly represented in maize-coloured satin trimmed with chatelaines of purple and white, grapes and foliage, Virginia creepers, and other tinted leaves, wheat ears, barley and hops, bees and birds; wreath and veil; a sickle in the hand. This dress was also made in brown gauze, and trimmed with a great variety of flowers; a fringe of corn and grass. "Winter" was arranged with a white satin bodice and petticoat; over-skirt of silver tulle dotted with tufts of swansdown; trimmings, holly leaves and berries crystallised; a robin perched upon the left shoulder. Very popular, as well it deserves to be, is "The White Cat," which was represented in a short white satin skirt trimmed with several rows of white fur, low square jacket bodice with fur, from the shoulders hung a loose white fur mantle; a cap of white fur, like a cat's head with ears, and red bead eyes, a red collar and bells; the hair looks well powdered; high white satin boots trimmed with fur, and long gloves topped with fur.

We must now leave "the realms of fancy" and return to everyday life. We saw several very stylish little frocks for evening wear in the course of our *tournee*. One was of pink nun's cloth, made with a full front, a wide sash of ruby silk, and a square Mauresque lace collar; this frock was for a child of six years old. Another for a child of eight was of blue nun's cloth open in the front, and laced with cord over a satin frontispiece; the back was made with puffs and sash of material and blue satin. A third was of blue Surah silk, with a drapery of gauze and chenille spots. Tinsel gauze is much used for children's party frocks, and looks very bright, but it is quickly tumbled and torn. Velvet and plush are still in favour for young folks, and are more suitable for winter wear than are thin materials. Nothing can look more dainty than a frock of cream, pale blue, or pink, short cut plush; there is also a very pretty shade of olive-green, which lights up well, and a rich shade of ruby. These materials require no trimming excepting handsome lace cuffs and collar. Vandyke collars in *ecru*-coloured Irish point look very nice both for little boys and girls. We recently were shown some children's collars with small tassels at each point; English embroidery also looks well on velvet or plush frocks. For morning performances at theatres, &c., a wrap should be worn that can be easily taken off, as these places are often very much heated. A sealskin or plush high-shouldered cape with a wadded and quilted satin lining is light and very warm; the dyed feather capes are also very fashionable and stylish. Novel and very becoming for little girls is the "Hussar Hat," made in blue velvet, with a ruby satin bag hanging down the back. The "Highland Hat," in black or coloured velvet to match the costume, with a plume of ostrich feather tips or a large satin bow, is pretty. For a girl of twelve a hat of bronze-green felt, trimmed with green and orange velvet, has a good effect; velvet *toques* are still in favour both for young and middle-aged girls. There are still some few large bonnets to be seen, but we are happy to say that they are almost out of fashion, as they always make children look top-heavy and awkward, and when worn in change with a hat are highly dangerous, the former being so much warmer than the latter.

With regard to our little boys, it is always better when they leave off their petticoats to have their suits made at a juvenile tailor's, as they are sure to be better cut and to fit well. Highland suits, velvet suits, and sailor suits are made both for morning and evening

wear. As to fancy costumes, there is as good a choice for the boys as for their sisters.

We must now say a few words to our grown-up children. The most fashionable material for ball and dinner dresses, this winter, is net, which has been for some years quite put in the shade by nun's veiling and cashmere. "The Ballet Skirt" is in great favour, and lends itself very well to the crinolettes; it is made with four or five skirts of net, all the same length, just to clear the ground, gathered into a narrow band; when worn with a pointed bodice, the skirts should be fastened to a pointed band, or else they will make the bodice stick out clumsily. The last skirt is sometimes simply hemmed, and edged with half-a-dozen rows of narrow gold or silver braid, at others single blossoms are scattered over it, or chenille tufts are woven into the material. Floral trimmings are full and elaborate; some of the flowers are very large. Three very handsome garnitures were as follows: One of large pink roses and foliage for the skirt, bodice, and hair. The second was a full-sized fan, made of ivy and chrysanthemums, tied with a pale blue satin bow, placed on the left side of the skirt; the effect was novel; there was a semi-wreath for the corsage and also for the hair. Most *distingue* of the three was a long trail of crimson cactus and leaves, in velvet, intermingled with ostrich feather tips; this garniture looked equally well on a white or a black net dress. A fourth trimming, which had a novel effect, was composed of butterflies, beetles, and a variety of fancy grasses. A quaint variety of net is dotted over with what is technically called "lamb's tails," which, in spite of its unromantic name, is very pretty. It is made in all colours and in black. Afternoon tea aprons are most elaborate, and are quite *de rigueur* this season. One was made of black satin with a design of a tiger-lily in gold bullion; the ruching across the bib was trimmed with bullion, a very fashionable garniture this winter. Another was made of real lace in lengthwise strips, with alternate stripes of black velvet. Fichus are simply charming. "The Nitouche" is one of the novelties of the season. It is made in white, black, or metallic lace, and forms small paniers over the hips. "The Galatee" is a graceful combination of embroidered *crêpe de Chine* and Mechlin lace. A very stylish speciality of the period is metallic lace, which is used for fichus, caps, and other trimmings.

The most noteworthy novelty of recent date is "The Combination Sleeve and Glove." It is made of different lengths, either to cover the elbow only, or to reach to the shoulder, where a thick ruching forms an epaulette. By a simple arrangement of lace gathered on a fine elastic a graceful effect is produced, and the unsightly wrinkles which are unavoidable in the long tan gloves are avoided. This sleeve is also made with a mitten in white, cream, or black lace.



"PEARLA," by M. Betham-Edwards (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), requires both colour and substance to place it above the average novel. The lady with the curious and unscholarly Christian name which forms the title is supposed to derive additional piquancy from her being the possessor of some island of pearls, to which we are induced to look for an introduction. But this never comes off; so that the suggestion remains in that shadowy, undeveloped region to which the characters themselves belong. There is an eccentric personage named Garland, for example, who holds no important position in the book, and seems intended for some sort of philanthropic or charitable oddity. But he leaves little more impression after passing Miss Edwards' hands than these few words of vague surmise will give after leaving ours. The man, though evidently intended for a strikingly original conception, is never brought to life; and as with him, so with all. The marriage between Pearla's son and the young lady who we firmly believe to be Mr. Garland's daughter is a subject which, though forming the leading incident, is fully as obscure as the characters. Why a young man and young woman, engaged to one another with the good will of all concerned, and with good prospects before them, should offend everybody by making a secret marriage is never explained; indeed, it is treated as if it did not require explanation. Moreover the bridegroom seems to have thought it right to decoy the unconscious bride to church, as if he were carrying out a practical joke—a way of accounting for the matter that might be satisfactory in the cases of some novelists, but certainly not in the hands of Miss Edwards. Indeed everything is brought into the most unnecessary of muddles, and left there. Possibly Miss Edwards had no very clear idea of what she was going to write when she began, or of what sort of people her characters were to be. If so, she will be well advised not to repeat that always rash experiment in future.

"The Waters of Marah," a Novel, by John Hill (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is anything but an advance upon the same author's former work, "Wild Rose." With all its shortcomings, there was some pleasant freshness about the latter, even though it dealt with a subject so stale and threadbare as that Bohemia which at any rate existed in the brain of Henri Mürger. There is a decidedly cut-and-dried fashion about "The Waters of Marah." Mr. Hill has evidently read a good deal, and has naturally been fired to let off a little of his consequent enthusiasm. The regular passages from the regular poets who make the strongest impression upon young people who like to believe themselves in a period of "Sturm und Drang," are at his fingers' ends; and he is well up in all the quasi-intellectual slang and jargon of the hour. He writes easily and not ungracefully; but it is with the grace which has to compensate for want of strength as best it can. There is even extreme youthfulness in his apparent assumption that whatever occurs to an author to say must needs be worth his saying, though of course this theory, when acted upon, must almost inevitably result in occasional good things. The story of his heroine's vengeance is not, however, one of these good things—it is stagey and unreal. If it has, as is quite possible, any basis of fact, Mr. Hill ought, as an evident student of fiction, to know that actual truth is one thing, and seeming truth quite another; and that it is with the latter alone that fiction may venture to deal. Probably in course of time Mr. Hill will write a satisfactory, though probably never a powerful, novel. He has quite sufficient cleverness, but has obviously at present read a great deal more than he has thought or observed.

The lady known as "Ouida" is quite mistaken when in her "Frescoes" (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus) she assumes that she has ever been taken to task for dealing with the heroic and the passionate instead of with the humdrum, the sordid, and the mean. On the contrary—it is essentially for the inherent meanness and vulgarity of her subjects that she has been chiefly blamed. It is that she has done her best to dazzle the minds of the very people she most affects to despise, that is to say her own countrywomen, with the sham pathos of passions which, happily, few of them can share, or it is to be trusted, entirely understand. She gives, in order to illustrate her position, a tragic tale which is certainly in no way superior to what could have been found any day in the pages of the now old-fashioned penny dreadful, and beside which the most humdrum of lives attains to all the proportions of heroism. For a combination of cruelty, cowardice, and imbecility can hardly be considered preferable, even for purposes of fiction, to the ordinarily decent and sane. After telling the story of a despicable cad, "why," asks

"Ouida," "are not those who love and suffer thus as deserving of portrayal as the epicene beings who know no woes but a passing hysteria of conscience or a disillusion before the melting of a foggy and impalpable ideal?" For that matter, nobody said anything to the contrary; between a cad and a prig, as objects of interest, there is obviously not much to choose. This essay of "Ouida" on herself, however, is all by way of epilogue. "Frescoes," itself, is a mild tale told in the form of letters, and is followed by some yet milder dramatic sketches. Those who are without a taste for her other works will not dislike them; those who have that taste will not admire them. The final essay is by far the most amusing portion of the volume, and sets out the writer's views of herself, her art, and her despised readers to the best advantage of which they are capable.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, Dr. Forbes Watson gave an interesting account of a new method of preparing *rheea* fibre for commercial purposes. From its extensive preparation by the Chinese this fibre has become popularly known as China grass, but as a matter of fact it does not botanically come under the head of grass at all. Hitherto it has been prepared by hand, and the price in the market has varied between 50*l.* and 85*l.* per ton. Now, however, by means of the machine invented by Mr. H. C. Smith, which consists of a ribbed roller revolving at a high velocity, the plants being forced against it by a sheet of water, the fibre can be produced at a much cheaper rate. Dr. Watson asserts that this *rheea* is the strongest natural fibre known, and he points to its capabilities as a substitute for flax, hemp, jute, &c. The principle of Mr. Smith's machine was suggested by the natural rubbing to fibre of growing plants during the monsoons, when the inner leaves are forced by the wind against the central stems.

A new plan of towage of vessels by means of endless chains has been recently tried with success on the Rhone by M. Dupuy de Lome. The River Rhone is so rapid that with ordinary means of propulsion of vessels, especially against stream, navigation is extremely difficult. The new method consists in employing two endless chains, like huge necklaces, which are carried over pulleys on each side of the boat, whilst their lower parts rest on the bed of the river. The pulleys are turned by hand or engine power, and the boat is steered by working the chain over its pulley wheels and one side of the boat, or at the other, as may be required.

The report that the great volcanic mountain Popocatepetl has been sold to an American company, who intend to drive a tunnel into the crater to mine for sulphur, and to erect vitriol works in the neighbourhood, will appear to many as a new Yankee idea of a very bold character. But in reality there is little of novelty in the suggested operations. For some years the mountain Vulcano, in the Lipari Islands, has been the site of some chemical works owned by a Scotch firm. A large number of workmen are employed there, and the principal commercial products obtained are sulphur, sal-ammoniac, and boracic acid. It was even suggested to collect and condense the volatile products of the volcanic fissures in leaden chambers, but owing to sudden changes in their condition the idea was not carried out.

Another American proposal is of a far bolder nature, for it suggests a plan for changing the track of a tornado. The mode of procedure is as follows: A barrel of gunpowder is to be taken to the outskirts of any town which may be approached by a tornado. This barrel is connected with a detonating fuse and an attached cord 100 yards long, which the operator is to hold in his hand until the tornado seems to be exactly over the powder barrel. The string is then pulled, and the tornado, if the charge be large enough, is either altogether blown out of existence, or is scattered too much to again do much harm. This remedy may possibly be of some use if the tornado could be induced to perch itself directly over the powder barrel. A great many other human ills could be avoided were it only possible to foresee the exact time and place of their approach.

In a recent lecture upon Smoke Abatement, Mr. Ernest Hart reminded his audience that London smoke added 1,000,000*l.* per annum to our washing bills, that every year the area upon which it was possible to grow flowers in the metropolis was being diminished, that the injury done by smoke to the Houses of Parliament was estimated at 2,500*l.* per annum, whilst from the same cause the surface of Westminster Abbey was in a state of rapid decay.

Mr. W. H. Preece's paper on Electrical Conductors, read last month before the Institute of Civil Engineers, contained much valuable information. The improvements made in the quality of the copper used for such purposes is so great that the metal is now twice as efficient as it was in 1856. Temperature is a very disturbing element in the conductivity of the wire, the resistance increasing more than 20 per cent. between winter and summer temperatures. Iron is mostly used for the overhead wires, against which there is now going on what Mr. Preece describes as such "a meaningless crusade." Its durability is increased by the operation of galvanizing, which is imperative in a climate such as ours. Siliceous bronze, a new material for electrical purposes, combines high conductivity with indestructibility, and is at the same time strong and light. It seems to be well adapted for overhead lines, which are more efficient than the far more expensive wires hidden below ground.

We are glad to note that Mr. Henry A. Fleuss, whose life-saving apparatus for use in fiery mines lately formed the subject of a circular issued to colliery proprietors by the Home Secretary, is the recipient of the Society of Arts Gold Medal, value 20*l.*, which has been awarded to him for the invention of the apparatus in question.

According to the *Panama Star and Herald*, some curious phenomena were observed on board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's ship *Columbia*, which was a few months back struck by lightning when entering Panama Bay. The vessel was not injured in the ordinary sense, for the conductors carried the current to sea. But the steering chains, and the wheels upon which they travel, were magnetised, whilst the magnets on board were deprived of their magnetism, thus rendering steering by compass impossible.

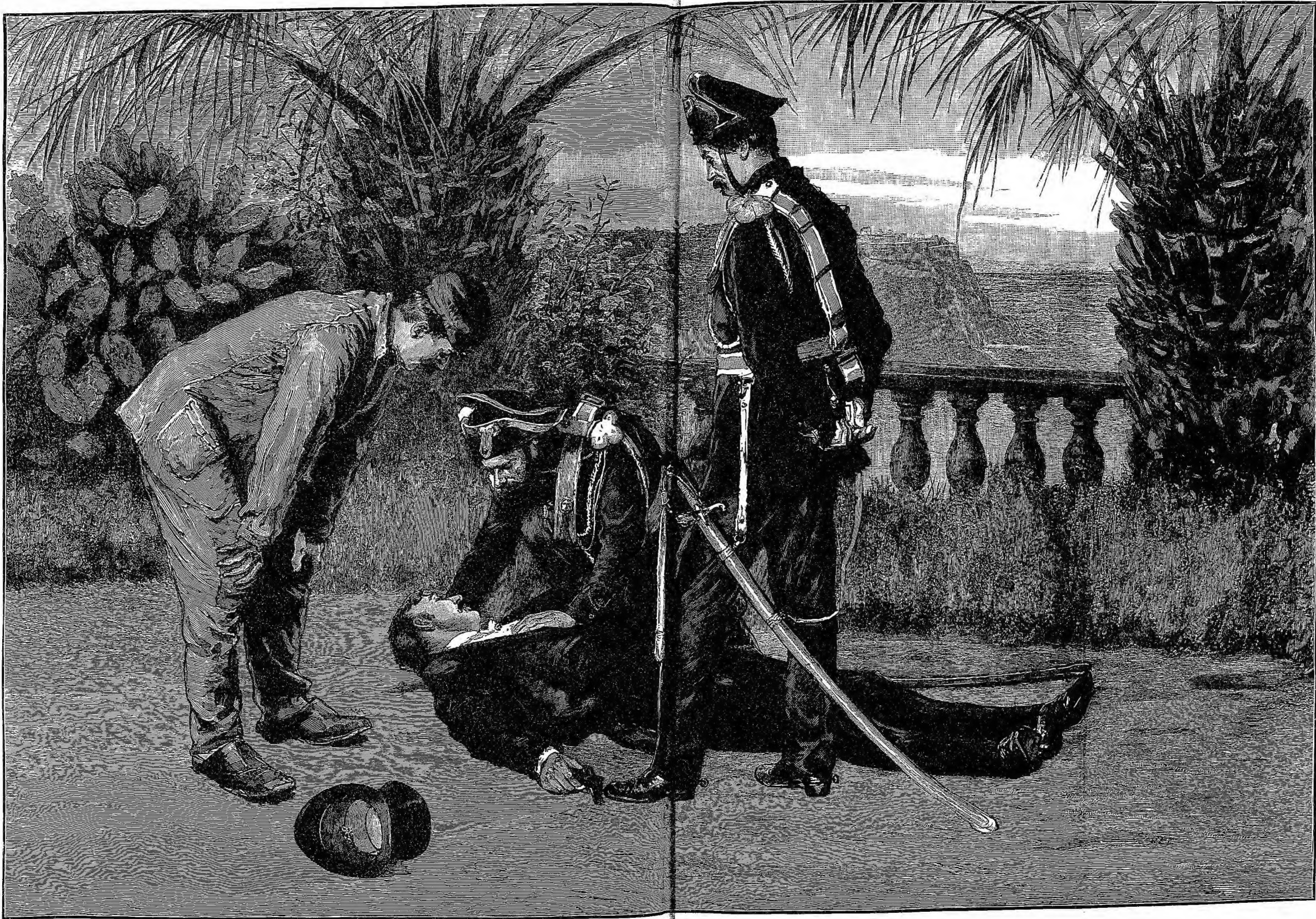
Danchell's electric railway, of which a working model has lately been shown in London, possesses several novel features which render it worthy of remark. The system has been specially designed for a kind of parcels post, and for the transmission of light loads generally at a high rate of speed. In order to reduce friction to a minimum the train runs upon one rail only, another rail overhead, embraced by guide-wheels, keeping the moving mass upright. Moreover, these two rails serve as conductors, for the current to and from the stationary dynamo machine, where the electricity is generated. The inventor believes that he can attain by this arrangement a speed of between 150 to 200 miles per hour.

A curious method of sinking shafts in quicksands, and in any situation where running water proves an obstacle to the ordinary method of procedure, has been invented by Herr Poetsch. The boreholes are filled with pipes containing a freezing mixture, so that the wet ground is frozen hard, and can be dealt with like dry soil.

The late J. B. Neilson, to whom the iron and steel industries are indebted for the invention of the hot blast, has had a monument erected to his memory at Kirkcudbright.

Professor Owen, on the plea of old age, has resigned his post as chief of the Natural History Department at the British Museum. He has held this post for more than twenty-five years, and although one or two names have been mentioned as probable successors, it will be difficult really to fill the void which his resignation seems to create.

T. C. H.



DAWN AT MONTE CARLO

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

DURING the ninety-two years that have elapsed since the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, several collections of his works have been exhibited, but none nearly so large or complete as that now open to view at Sir Coutts Lindsay's Gallery in New Bond Street. The two hundred pictures, which entirely fill the spacious gallery, amply illustrate every phase of his art, and among them are nearly all his masterpieces. Although no chronological order has been observed in their arrangement, it is easy to determine the date of production of a large majority of the works. On entering the West Gallery, we immediately encounter one of his earliest efforts—a portrait of himself, at the age apparently of sixteen years, carefully painted in a solid style, but showing no indication of the easy mastery that he shortly afterwards acquired. Grouped with this are several other portraits of himself, painted at different periods of his career, the finest of them, beyond all comparison, being the three-quarter-length figure in the red robes of a D.C.L. of Oxford, belonging to the Royal Academy. This is a splendid example of simple, dignified, manly portraiture, worthy to rank with the best works of the kind of any age or country. Close to it hangs the portrait made familiar to all by engravings of "Mrs. Abington as Miss Prue," with a charming expression on her unlovely face; and beyond a large half-length of "Mrs. Nesbitt in the character of Circe"—in some respects one of the best of Sir Joshua's works. The head, which is one of rare beauty, and the bust are painted in a manner that could scarcely be surpassed, and the picture is remarkable besides for its glowing and harmonious colour. The comical-looking panther seated beside the sorceress and the white cat are, however, discordant elements in the work.

One of the most famous of the painter's portrait groups, representing the three lovely daughters of James, second Earl Waldegrave, seated at a work-table, occupies the central place at the end of the gallery. The figures are instinct with natural grace, and although the flesh-tints have lost something of their pristine glow of colour, the general harmony of the work remains almost unimpaired. On either side of this picture is a "Group of Portraits of Members of the Dilettanti Society," valuable alike from an historical and an artistic point of view. The heads are full of individuality and animation, and they are painted in Sir Joshua's best and most restrained style. It is gratifying to find that these pictures, which still belong to the Society for which they were painted, are in excellent preservation. The half-length of "Richard Brinsley Sheridan," which hangs near them, is a characteristic work, but not quite so life-like or so masterly in execution as the more youthful portrait of him which appeared two years ago at the Academy. The group of "Lavinia, Countess Spencer, and her son, Viscount Althorp," has in an eminent degree the grace of gesture and the air of refinement that constitute one of the chief charms of the painter's female portraits, and is remarkable, moreover, for its rare beauty of colour and masterly handling. The same fine qualities, and in no less degree, are to be seen in the large half-lengths of "The Countess of Powis" and "Lady Elizabeth Montagu, Duchess of Buccleuch." The portrait of "Lavinia Bingham, afterwards Countess Spencer," who, with a straw hat of preposterous size over-shadowing her fair face, stands in an attitude of unstudied grace, is in every way a charming work; and the half-length of her sister, "Lady Anne Bingham," is not greatly inferior to it. There is nothing in the collection more beautiful in its way than the head, seen in profile, of the famous Perdita, "Mrs. Robinson." Unlike most of Reynolds's works this is very thinly painted, and it is drawn and modelled with supreme care. The treatment of the lovely lady's hair and her neck could scarcely be surpassed.

The large three-quarter length of "Dr. Johnson" which Reynolds gave to Boswell, though not the best he painted of the great lexicographer, is a very interesting work. The head, which shows signs of physical suffering, and wears a profoundly melancholy expression, is full of character, and finely painted. The well-worn coat, however, and the arm-chair covered with some common checkered stuff, seem to be the work of another hand. Portraits of some of the men of letters and art, forming the group of which Johnson was the central figure, are scattered about the gallery. Boswell, who so graphically recorded their sayings and doings, is absent, and so are Goldsmith and Dr. Burney, both of whom Reynolds painted several times. "Edmund Burke" is, however, here, and "David Garrick," both being characteristic, but not first-rate examples of the painter's work. There is also a capital half-length of "Joseph Barber," and a study of Johnson's black servant, "Francis Barber," hung too high to be advantageously seen. "Mrs. Thrale" also appears in a large and splendidly painted picture, looking almost as young as her daughter who kneels beside her, and very much more beautiful.

Of Sir Joshua's almost unsurpassable power of painting children there are several fine examples. Among them are especially noteworthy the charming full-length of "Miss Cholmondeley," who, with a rough-haired dog in her arms, is crossing a brook, and the portrait of "The Hon. Miss Frances Harris," which, though one of his latest works, shows scarcely any sign of decaying power. The large and powerfully-painted picture of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," from the Duke of Westminster's collection, which forms a very striking feature in the collection, may pass with scant notice, being identical in subject and treatment with the well-known work in the Dulwich Gallery. Among many pictures valuable both as historical records and works of art are life-like portraits of "Sir John Cust, Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons;" "John, Third Earl of Bute;" "Warren Hastings;" "Charles Rollin, the Historian;" "William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland;" and "William Beckford."



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—Whatever may be the shortcomings of our kinsmen across St. George's Channel, there is something very fascinating in their music, be it plaintive or merry. "Songs of Old Ireland," a collection of fifty Irish melodies little known in England, the words by Alfred P. Graves, music arranged by C. Villiers Stanford, have just made their appearance in a daintily got-up volume. The preface states that "they have been chosen to represent, as far as possible, the various characteristics of the people from which they have sprung." From grave to gay, every light and shade of Irish character is here represented. We cordially recommend this volume to our readers.—One of Dante G. Rossetti's ultra-romantic sonnets, "Mid Rapture," was set to music by Alfred Moul, and obtained a prize at the Melbourne Musical Festival, December, 1882. Tastes differ in music as well as other matters; we much prefer "The Flower's Message," by the same composer, to his prize-crowned composition. The words of the latter song are by "Modesta."—A cheerful little song, suitable for a response to an encore at a musical reading, is "A Maid of Kent," written and composed by Harold Vynn and Louis Diehl.—A thrilling tale of heroism, with a tragic end, is "The Sergeant's Wife," the pathetic words by F. E. Weatherly, music by A. H. Behrend, compass from D below the bass to the octave (fourth line).—"Swinging," a merry song for a soprano, has already won public favour; the words are by Mrs. W. L. Clifford, the music by Cécile-S. Hartog.—As its title would imply, "Never to Know" is a sad tale of misunderstanding, a

very common occurrence poetically touched upon by Mike Beverly, and set to sweet music by Theo Marzials.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—As a rule, songs written for special occasions are speedily put aside and forgotten. This will not be the case with "Tis England's Flower Now," a very charming song, words and music by Milton Bryant, who was inspired with this composition at the unveiling of the statue of Lord Beaconsfield, to whose memory it is dedicated; the flower alluded to is the primrose. The versification of this poem is simple and flowing.—By the above composer are three songs of more than ordinary merit. "Christus Hominum Salvator" ("Christ, the Sinner's Substitute"), replete with devotional feeling; of medium compass, a welcome addition to the Sunday repertoire. This composition is also harmonised for three female voices; in the latter form it is more effective than as a solo, and will prove a very popular trio both in schools and in the home circle.—"Tis Only for a While We Part," words from the German, by Charles Arnold, is for a contralto or mezzo-soprano; the lowest note is C below the lines. There is a pathetic ring in both words and music which will win for it general favour.—Of the same type, but not so original, is "My Childhood's Home," for which the composer has supplied the words.

MESSRS. E. GEORGE AND CO.—Three songs, each one published in three keys, written and composed by E. Oxenford and E. G. Emmerton, are—"Is It True?" a plaintive inquiry; "I Only Live for Thee" and "A Voice Across the Sea" bear a marked resemblance one to the other, and both have a waltz refrain, which is very popular just now with ballad writers; these two songs have been introduced into "Elle et Lui Valse," by Henri Stiles, so that if they attain to any popularity we are likely to become heartily tired of these melodies before the season is over.—A bold and spirited song of a military type is "Forward," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Odoardo Barri. This song is also published in three keys, and thus may be sung by the burliest major with a bass voice or the youngest ensign with a high tenor voice. A sweet little child's face attracts attention to "Ma Mignonne," a very pretty schottische, by Henri Stiles. By the same composer are a tuneful polka, "Plein d'Esprit," and "Doric Gavotte." The composer has evidently the gift of writing good dance music.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"At Eventide" (Convent Song), words by H. B. Farnie, music by Robert Planquette, is well known to, and liked by, the theatre-going public, who have heard it sung by Miss Violet Cameron in the opera of *Falka*; both words and music are very piquant (Alfred Hays).—The words of "To-day and To-morrow," by Edward Oxenford, are more worthy of praise than the music, by Arthur W. Marchant, the like of which we have heard many times before (Alphonse Bertini).—Again comes a pretty poem from the versatile pen of Mary M. Lemon, "Love's Sweet Dream," the purport of which is easily guessed by its title; it is set to pleasing music by J. Spawforth (John Blockley).—"Treasured Memories," written and composed by J. W. E. Page and Arthur Briscoe, is a pathetic retrospective poem, wedded to an appropriate melody (C. B. Tree).—Of the same school is "Shed No Tear," words by Keats, music by Roland Mott; both are good antidotes to Christmas hilarity (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—Easy and pretty vocal duets are rather scarce, although much wanted. "I Think of Thee in the Night" ("A Mother's Lament"), written and composed by Thomas K. Hervey and Milton Bryant, combines both these requirements, and will find favour with the owners of sweet, if not powerful, voices of medium compass.—By the same composer is a quaint little piece for the pianoforte, entitled "Robinette; or, the Harmonicon," the peculiarity of which consists in the melody being played with one finger—no very easy task at first sight, but very effective when well done (Messrs. W. Marshall and Co.).



VERY timely, just now that France and China are on the threshold of war, or across it, is Mr. Hake's "Story of Chinese Gordon" (Remington), the man who turned the scale towards peace when Tso and Prince Chun were bent on trying conclusions with Russia. Apart from genealogical details—notes of the Enderbys, the great whaling family after whom the Antarctic land was named, and whose ships carried the tea which was thrown into Boston harbour, &c.—Mr. Hake does not add much to what we knew already. But he arranges his facts; the work in the Crimea, where (as so often, metaphorically, since) Gordon was literally "fired on both by friends and foes;" the earlier work in China, including the deplorable looting of the Summer Palace, so wretchedly demoralising to the Allies, and marked with such senseless havoc, especially on the French side; the Taeping War and its miseries; the command in the Soudan; the unaffectedly pious work in English slums; the Secretaryship to Lord Ripon, which was to be the deathblow to cliques and favouritism; "the first failure" in Basutoland; and the exploring work which the ex-general and pasha is now quietly carrying on at Jerusalem, all together form a volume which we should like to see in the hands of every sub, and of every boy with military aspirations. Gordon is the typical Christian soldier—and something more. Well might Mr. Marvin say "he hardly belongs to a place-hunting, money-grubbing generation." His failure at the Cape is as honourable to him as his success in China; he couldn't work with a Government whose tactics consisted in "settling the Basuto difficulty by egging on the chiefs to eat up each other." His manifest integrity saved his life. He was in Masupha's camp as a peace emissary, while outside, Lethrodi, instigated by the very Cape Ministers who had sent him up to make peace, was threatening a fierce attack. Masupha had the wit to see that his guest was no party to the double dealing, and let him go. In the Soudan he did succeed; the mischief was that he was not supported, but sent off on a wretched embassy to Abyssinia. To support him in fighting down slavery meant such a treatment of Egyptian villainy in high places as would have been deemed inconsistent with "British interests," though it would have saved us the late war and the Soudan disasters. We heartily recommend Mr. Hake's book. We can imagine one much worthier of its subject; but about such a man it is well for every one to know even the bare facts.

A world in which all should be Chinese Gordons would be impossible while man is but what he is; and those who are fond of very light reading and the record of hilarious camp life will be grateful to Surgeon R. Gillham Thomsett for publishing "Kohat, Kuram, and Khost" (Remington). Mr. Thomsett does not pretend to teach; he merely gives "experiences and adventures," most of them very trivial, for the action of Mattua was not much. It is astonishing how far mild jokes and execrable puns will go in India. The serious part of the book is its testimony to the hopeless barrenness of the country invaded, to the Sikh cruelties to prisoners, and to the pitableness of a campaign mostly made up of firing and looting Mangal villages. We are glad Mr. Thomsett testifies to the goodness of "pattoo," the Cashmere frieze.

Major Leigh Hunt, of the Madras Army, and Surgeon A. S. Kenny, of King's College, are joint authors of "Tropical Trials" (Allen and Co.), a handbook for women, just as their former book, "On Duty Under a Tropical Sun," is for men. Every household-matter, from children's under-linen to cholera and snake-bites, is treated of in this very comprehensive and useful volume. The

danger of stale fish, and "high" game, and fruit at night (it "gold in the morning"), the value of *tyre* (curdled milk), the harm of hot tea, the preferableness of diluted nitric or other acid "neat brandy" for flatulence, the folly of letting children catch measles that they may "have them over while young"—such is the stuff of which the book is made. "Work, if you would be healthy and cheerful," is the moral enforced. The picture of the washed-out Anglo-Indian lady, whose body and mind are ruined by indolence, is sad because there are so many who might sit for it.

"On the Stage," by Dutton Cook (2 vols.: S. Low and Co.). Mr. Cook, as all who knew him will attest, was one of the most painstaking and methodical of literary workers, and it is a satisfaction to his readers to learn from a modest foot-note appended by "M. T." to the preface, that all the proof-sheets of this, his last book, had been corrected for the press by Mr. Cook before his decease. Of all the theatrical works of this accomplished dramatic critic, this appears to us to be the most interesting. As the author observes in his preface, it does not profess to deal with formal stage history, but, on the other hand, it takes the reader into what may call the lanes and byways of theatrical life, and abounds every page with matters of high interest to lovers of the dramatic art, told in Mr. Cook's admirable style. From these pages we may learn how plays are read, accepted, neglected, or rejected; of the struggles of theatrical managers to escape from the monopoly which for so long weighed upon their enterprises; of the powers and actions of the Lord Chamberlain; of the eccentricities and peculiarities of certain actors; of the status of the *corps de ballet*, of the pantomimes as performed at various periods; of the tea-gardens and spas, where at Cremorne was perhaps the last representative; of the Shakespeare Jubilee in Garrick's days; and of free admissions to the theatre. Concerning these, and a dozen other subjects unnamed, Mr. Cook gossips delightfully, and the only regret which the reader will feel on closing the second volume is that the pen of this charming writer has ceased for ever from its task of amusement and instruction.

"The Portfolio" (Seeley and Co.) has now been a good many years in existence, and under the competent editorship of Mr. P. G. Hamerton, fully maintains its original reputation. The volume for 1883, which is now before us, is of especial interest. Mr. Hamerton usually selects some city as the main subject for illustration during the year—this time he has chosen Paris, a place where he is thoroughly at home, and his letterpress, with the accompanying engravings, comprising views of "Lutetia" at all periods, is so attractive that it deserves republication in a separate form. A similar series is devoted to "Sketches on the Clyde." We may also mention some charming specimens of the workmanship of the late Dante G. Rossetti; a photograph of one of the most famous of the Tinworth sculptures—"The Release of Barabbas;" illustrations of "Ancient Egyptian Art;" and a description, with engravings, of Mr. Jones's munificent bequest to the South Kensington Museum. Lastly, Mr. Lumb Stocks' engraving of Mr. Millais' "A Souvenir of Velasquez," is interesting as a specimen of a branch of art (line engraving on steel), which has been almost driven out of existence by the threefold rivalry of photography, wood-engraving, and etching on copper.

Mr. H. A. Long, of the Glasgow School Board, had his attention called nearly thirty years ago to "Personal and Family Names" (London: Hamilton, Adams; Glasgow: Morison; Edinburgh: Menzies). The result is a work which, first brought out privately, soon made for itself such a demand that the author was induced to re-write and publish it. The public is a gainer, for the book is rich in curious matter often bearing on both history and geography. Mr. Long thinks there is a great deal in a name, and assures us that "all our literature should perish very many of our mighty deeds might be elaborated from our names." We are glad there is a good index, for Mr. Long's classification is rather irregular. Sometimes he is altogether wrong. Cornelius, for instance, has nothing to do with corn, but is one of the many Roman agricultural names, taken from the wild cherry. We doubt if Hyam has any connection with Higham; it may be a way of translating Hochheim, since German Jews have so generally adopted German names. The endless corruptions are singularly amusing—thus, Mummery is from Montmorency. Who would believe that Toogood means a fruitful hill (tor)? or that Doddridge (a hill) has any connection with Donachie, Duncan (hill-head)? Mr. Long does not give Pickwick, though it is (equally with Guppy, which he does give) a Bath name. But his book shows great industry in the writer, and will afford infinite amusement to the reader.

Part II. of "The Forest Flora of South Australia" (Government Printing Office, Adelaide) is as beautifully got-up as that which we lately noticed. Four of the five admirably coloured plates are devoted to various forms of the *Eucalyptus leucocorydon*; the fifth represents the *E. cosmophylla*, "large flowering scrub-gum," a variety which might well be introduced into our tree-houses. We wish Mr. Brown could find one that would stand our English winters.

Part III. of Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language" (Blackwood) goes almost to the end of *z*. The editor does well in preserving Mr. Stormonth's grouping system. We are glad to find words like "the cruels" and "doodle" and "domets" as well as "dolabiform;" but why not "dudman," which is good West country even as "drumble" is good Scotch? We are not at all sure that Druid is from *druid*, an enclosure.

"Plant Studies for Artists, Designers, and Art Students. Part I." (Quaritch), is something new in English Art-illustration. Mr. Haité's object is to give designers such examples of floral growth as shall really be of practical value. For Art purposes a mere spray or a curtailed botanical drawing is of little use. Fidelity to Nature need not destroy individuality; and this fidelity is secured for plants out of season by Mr. Haité's beautiful photo-lithographs. His garden pea is perfect; and we join in his astonishment that vegetable growths are so little used for decorative purposes. Besides the large drawings Mr. Haité is careful to give in each case the lateral growth, leaf joint, stalk finish, &c. His letter-press is excellent.

"Profitable Poultry Keeping" (Routledge) is the most thorough book we have yet seen on the subject. Whether we have small proprietorship or not, it is most desirable that many more of us should keep fowls. And so many try, and fail through want of management. Let no one begin without hearing what Mr. Beale says about incubators, safety from rats, &c. Poultry pays, he is sure, as an accessory; it will not pay in an exclusively "poultry farm."

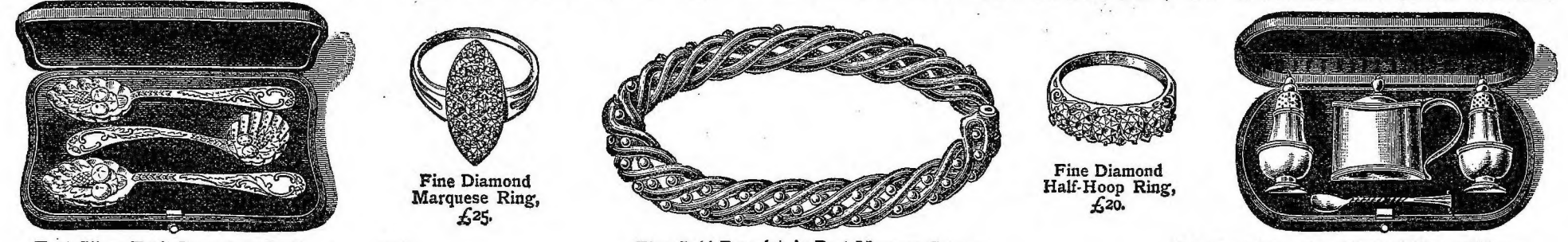
In "Religio Medici: a Fac-simile of the First Edition of 1642," Mr. Elliot Stock has outdone himself. Paper, print, wooden cover—everything is perfect; and bibliophiles will be thankful to Mr. Greenhill for his careful comparison of the two editions *principes*.

Better than any number of "Walpoliana" is Mr. L. B. Seeley's selection from the letters in "Horace Walpole and His World" (Seeleys). The extracts are well strung together on a thread of narrative, and are prefaced with a very discriminating sketch of Walpole's opinions, political views and conduct, literary position, &c. We are glad Mr. Seeley recognises the value of Strawberry Hill, "child's baby house as it was," in the renaissance of Gothic Art. There are eight plates, after Sir Joshua and Sir T. Lawrence.

Till the year 1782 the minutes of the yearly meetings of the Society of Friends were circulated in MS., since then they have been several times published, "The Book of Christian Discipline" (Samuel Harris) being the fourth edition. It gives the rules for worship, for testimony, for Christian life in its various manifestations, for Church government; and proves that, contrary to a very general opinion, the Friends have no intention of throwing off their distinctive tenets even if they give up their dress.

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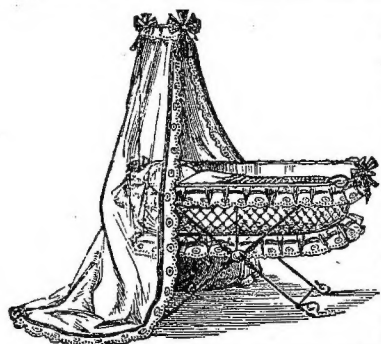
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